THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 75. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT No. 720 SANSOM ST. Philadelphia, Saturday, June 20, 1896. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 51

WIND AND SEA.

BY E. T.

The sea is a jovial comrade,
He laughs wherever he goes;
His merriment shines in the dimpling lines
That wrinkle his halo repose;
He lays himself down at the feet of the Sun,
And shakes all over with glee,
And the broad-backed billows fall faint on the shore,
In the mirth of the mighty sea!

But the wind is sad and restless,
And cursed with an inward pain;
You may hark at will, by valley or hill,
But you hear him still complain.
He wails on the barren mountains,
And shrieks on the wintry sea;
He sobs in the cedar and moans in the pine,
And shudders the aspen tree.

Welcome are both their voices,
And I know not which is best—
The laughter that slips from Ocean's lips
Or the comfortless wind's unrest.
There's a pang in all rejoicing,
A joy in the heart of pain,
And the wind that saddens, the sea that gladdens,
Are singing the self-same strain.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUN LIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED.)

EARLE MORAY saw no mystery; all was broad day in the light of his love. It seemed high noon even, when he went home at night, and the heavens were lit with starry hosts.

Doris had kept him late, not unmindful of the mother watching alone to hear her boy's tale of wooing, mindful of her rather, and finding it a pleasure to tantalize the unknown mother by a long delay.

But once free of the beguiling voice of his little siren, Earle remembered heartily his mother, and hurried to her as if his feet were winged with the sandals of Apollo.

He flung open the gate with a crash; his joyous tread rang on the gravel walk; he dashed into the house, and into the sitting room, and dropping on his knees by his mother, clasping his arms about her waist and cried:

"Mother! she is mine!"

"Heaven bless you, my son!" said his mother; but she sighed.

"You will go and see her, mother, to-morrow? You will see how wonderfully lovely she is; witty and accomplished, too; you are sure to be charmed, mother!"

If he had chosen a beggar maid, like King Cophetua, the mother would have made the best of it. Yet in her secret heart Mrs. Moray thought Earle too young to marry, and, besides, this girl was very young, and who knew if she would be a good wife.

Earle's poetizing and dreaming were bad enough; but his love making was even worse! Still his mother hid her fears, and sympathized and helped him plan his future, while in her soul she blessed Mark Brace for that year's delay.

Accustomed from childhood to open his heart to his mother, Earle poured forth to her the full story of his love, his adoration, his intoxicating passion for Doris. The mother heard and trembled.

His was not the love of a Christian man for a wife, but of a pagan for the idol in its shrine. She felt that his love could not be blessed nor bring blessing: it was earthly, infatuated, unreasoning, terrible.

She trembled; yet trembling did not foresee the stormy and dreadful way that this love should lead her boy, nor in what horror and blackness its grave should be!

While Mrs. Moray and her son forgot the flight of time, one in anxiety, the other in overflowing joy, Mark Brace and Patty, at Brackenside Farm, also kept vigils. They were perplexed to know what was right.

"It was terrible to send us a child in that way," cried Patty. "We can not tell what we should do with her."

"I think we can," said Mark. "We were told to do as by our own. We would give Mattie to Earle, if they both wished it. We can give Doris. No doubt her mother will be glad to know that she is safe in the care of a husband."

"But if they come to reclaim her as I have expected?"

"They gave her to us, unasked, and must abide by our decision. Besides, here is a year's delay, and the engagement no secret. If the unknown mother watches her child, let her make known her rights and interfere."

"And the letter said she was of noble blood."

"Earle Moray is a good man, a gentleman, a scholar."

"But what would he think of this secret? They believe Doris to be ours, the same as Mattie."

"There's the rub," said Mark; "but here, to be honest, we must break silence. Not to Doris, but to Earle. We must tell Earle and his mother all the truth that we know. Married life goes ill, Patty, begun in mystery."

"Possibly Mrs. Moray will not consent."

"I think it will make no difference. If it does, we have done our duty, and that is all our trouble. I believe her mother is some poor timid soul, secretly married, and perhaps now dead, and the father also."

Patty sighed, and a look of trouble and conviction was in her face. She had thoughts about Doris that she did not tell even to Mark.

"Love and trouble always come together," sighed Patty.

"Doris has been a great help to us, as well as a great care," said Mark. "Her money saved us from ruin, and put us on our feet. I have done honestly by her, and have not forgotten that she has helped us. But I admit she fills me with anxiety, and is a strange element in our home. Once she is well married and gone, I think we shall be very happy together. I'll save this year's hundred pounds to give her a good outfit, and give her the next year's hundred for a wedding present."

"She has had all the money since she was twelve," said Patty.

"True, but for the first twelve years I did not spend the half of it on her."

Next day Earle brought his mother, and proudly presented Doris to her.

Mrs. Moray, making allowances for the enthusiasm of a lover, had expected to find a rosy, pretty country girl. She saw a dainty, high-bred beauty, of the most exquisite and aristocratic type. She looked in wonder at Doris, then helplessly at Mark and Patty.

"How little your daughter resembles you!" she cried.

Patty blushed, honest Mark studied the carpet pattern, the pretty lips of Doris curled scornfully.

Mrs. Moray suspected a mystery. Mark Brace spoke up:

"I'd like a word with you and your son in the garden, ma'am."

Doris watched the three angrily from the window.

"What is father saying that I may not hear? See how oddly Mrs. Moray looks, and Earle too! What is he saying?"

"Perhaps that he has no fortune to give you," hinted Patty.

"My face is my fortune!" cried Doris, pettishly.

"Dear child, do not be so vain! Suppose you lost that fortune."

"Then I'd kill myself. I would not live unbeautiful!"

Poor Patty held up her hands in horror.

CHAPTER XVI.

YES; Mark, in plain phrase, had told his story. Mrs. Moray had opened the way, saying, frankly:

"Have you anything to tell us?"

"Yes. Doris is not my daughter. She was left, being two months old or thereabouts, on my door step, with a letter and a hundred pounds. Here is the letter for you to read. I have done my best for the girl, and I love her. I have tried to meet the wishes of her unknown mother; and of that mother and her history I know no more than you. If this makes a difference, now is the time to speak."

"It makes no difference," cried Earle; "only, if possible, I shall love her more than ever, she having no kith or kin."

"I saw she did not look in the least like any of you," said Mrs. Moray, thoughtfully.

Mark smiled.

"Yes, she is fine china: we are delf. I have never hinted this thing to Doris, and, whatever you decide, I wish the secret rigidly kept, as I have kept it."

"What is there to decide?" cried Earle. "We are betrothed."

"Your mother may think differently," said Mark.

"Of course I am very sorry that the girl has no name or position," said Mrs. Moray.

Earle flushed.

"Her name will be our name, and her position I will make for her, and it will be honorable, I promise you."

"You are a stanch fellow," said Mark. "But I pledge you to keep this secret always. The idea of being a foundling might make Doris miserable, drive her half wild. Or it might set her up to some queer caper. She has a fine spirit of her own."

"Is she hard to manage?" asked Mrs. Moray, anxiously.

"I never found her hard to manage," said Earle, the dauntless.

"I hope you'll tell the same tale twenty years from now," said Mark, with a laugh.

He felt glad this matter was settled.

"We shall never mention it," said Mrs. Moray, yielding to the inevitable.

"And on the wedding day I'll give her a hundred pounds, and she shall have a hundred pounds for her outfit."

"You are very generous, Mr. Brace," said Mrs. Moray.

"Doris is quick and keen. She'll ask you, Earle, what we were saying out here. You may mention the hundred pounds."

Just as he had foreseen, Doris questioned Earle, and he told her of the promised outfit and the wedding gift.

All this reconciled her more to the idea of marrying.

"My mother sha'n't interfere with what I get for my outfit," said she to herself. "I'll dress like a lady for once. One hundred pounds in clothes will make a very fair show."

Alas, Patty, in her thrifty mind, had already destined part of this hundred pounds to sheetings and table clothes, blankets and pillow cases! A hundred pounds on clothes! Fy on the extravagance! A white mull for the wedding gown, a black silk, a cashmere. This was Patty's notion of a suitable bridal trousseau!

"A hundred pounds on my wedding day to use as I like!"

"You may be sure I sha'n't touch it," laughed Earle.

"A hundred pounds! That is kind of him; but it is not much. I could spend it in one hour in London."

"Spend it in an hour. I'm glad you are not fond of money."

"I am fond of it. Money is the salt and essence of life."

"And you marry a man who has almost none?"

"But a man who can, who must, make a great deal."

"Suppose I should not?"

She looked at him in alarm.

"Suppose you should not? I tell you I would rather die than be mean, and plain, and poor, all my life."

"Dear child, you do not understand. You have exaggerated ideas. You shall never be left to suffer. Cheer up. I will make money, and you, my little idol, shall spend it!"

"That's fair," cried Doris, joyously. "I'll buy no end of things."

Gregory Leslie finished his picture of "Innocence" and took it away, knowing it should grace the walls of the Academy the next May. At Brackenside he had found an artistic ideal and reached the acme of his art life.

Doris wondered a little the while she had inspired the artist, she had not conquered the man. Earle and Gregory made a compact of friendship and parted—to meet in pain.

Earle entered into a very happy winter. As Doris had inspired the artist so she inspired the poet; and Earle sung as he had never sung before.

A little volume of his verses found a publisher, and public approval, and though the recompense did not at all meet the idea of Doris, yet she told herself that fame led the way to fortune.

Indulged by Mark and Patty, and waited on by Mattie, while Earle was in daily raptures over her charms, as bride-elect Doris managed to pass the winter at the farm with some content.

Mark had hired for her a good piano, she had a store of French novels, and she sedulously refused to have any steps taken in the matter of wedding paraphernalia.

And yet, as the weeks crept by, Doris began to be weary of lover and friends, and country home, and her longings for the gay world and all its glories filled her fantastic heart.

"Oh, why does not some lord with a coach and six come along and carry me off, and marry me!" she cried one day, as she sat in the window, lazily watching the falling snow.

"Surely you would not give up Earle for any lord!" cried Mattie.

"Wouldn't I? I only hope for his sake I'd not be tempted. If the lord had money enough, and jewels enough, and memorial castles enough, I'm afraid, Mattie, you'd be left to console Earle."

"Child, don't talk in that reckless way," cried Mrs. Brace.

"I'm only telling the truth. I find in myself a natural affinity for lords," said Doris, and Mrs. Brace sighed and flushed.

Well the winter passed, and the love-making of Earle was becoming an old story, and the farm life a weariness to the flesh, but still Doris hid her vexations and unrest in her heart. The hawthorn bloomed, when Mark came in one day, crying cheerily:

"Here's something like old days, the duke is coming home for good, and Lady Estelle is finally quite well and strong; but unmarried still, more's the pity."

"They've been away long," said Patty, uneasily.

"Ay. How long is it since I've seen his grace? Not since they all came here."

Patty looked warningly at him.

He stooped to tie his shoe.

"The duke been here!" said Doris. "The duke and his family to a common farm-house!"

"A farm-house is not so poor a place, misery," said Mark.

Doris sprung up.

"I remember. Now I remember! I've had gleams of it, and wondered what I was trying to think of. They came in a gorgeous coach, with men in livery that I thought quite splendid; the duke, a tall, grand man, and with him two ladies?"

"Yes," said Patty, shortly.

"I can see my memories best in the dark," said Doris, shutting her lovely blue eyes. "It is a vague dream of a fair, proud face, a shining, lovely lady, all in lace, and silk, and jewels."

"That was Lady Estelle Hereford," said Mark, carried away.

"Lady Estelle Hereford! There's a name worth hearing! Why did not I have such a name, not that hateful Doris Bruce!"

"Your name is good enough," said Mark, tartly.

"Why did they come?" demanded Doris.

These people were not good at fine evasions; but Mark made shift to answer:

"The duke is my landlord; it is only proper for him to see his best farm now and then."

"Did they see me?" urged Doris.

"Listen to Vanity! As if she was the show of the home!" said Mark.

"So I am. What here is worth seeing in comparison?"

"If that doesn't beat all," said the scandalised Patty.

"Yes, he saw you," said Mark, "and now your next question will be, 'Did he admire me?' I won't answer you."

"There's no need: it goes without saying. Of course he admired me if he had eyes. I must have been lovely. Why did you not have my picture taken? I must have looked just like one of Correggio's little angels."

"Whose?" asked Mark.

"You didn't set much like an angel, if I remember right," said Mattie, quietly.

"Who cares for the acting so long as one has the looks?" inquired Doris, with simplicity.

"Share and share alike between sisters, you know, Mattie. I'll look like an angel and you'll act like one!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE Duke and Duchess of Downsbury had been so long absent from their home, that on their return they felt the greatest pleasure and keenest interest in every one whose name they remembered. Lady Estelle had outgrown her weakness of constitution.

For many years it had been quite uncertain how her illness would terminate. It was not so much a malady as a wasting of strength, an utter absence of all hope or energy, a strange languor that attacked both body and mind.

Doctors recommended travel; travel fatigued her; they recommended change; change wearied her—nothing on earth seemed to have the least interest for her. Beautiful, high-born, blessed with every advantage that wealth and rank can give, she was afflicted with that most terrible of all diseases, hopeless ennui.

Then, after a time, her physical health failed her, and it became a question as to whether she would recover or not. It was the one great trial that her devoted parents had to bear.

They would have given all they had, all they cared for most, to have seen her happy, bright, light of heart as were others. That was never to be.

On this morning, early in the month of May, the duchess and her daughter were alone in the drawing-room of Downsbury Castle; a May morning that should have rejoiced the heart of a poet—crowned with golden rays of the sun, musical with the sweet song of birds.

Lady Estelle stood at the window, looking over the trees, a wistful expression in her fine eyes. She never moved quickly when any thought or idea occurred to her; she never turned with the rapid movement peculiar to some pepie.

An idea had evidently occurred to her now, for her face flushed, the white skin was for some minutes dyed scarlet; she waited until it died away, then she turned slowly and glanced at the duchess.

"Mamma," she said, "have you heard how the interview between papa and his agent passed off?"

"Quite satisfactorily, I believe," replied the duchess; "everything is prosperous. The tenants are all well, and there has been no misfortune among them."

Lady Estelle crossed the room; there was a beautiful stand of white hyacinths, and she bent over caressing the beautiful buds.

"Do you remember the farmer we went to see?" she continued. "What was his name?—the man with the honest face?"

"Mark Bruce," replies the Duchess.

"Yes," said Lady Estelle; "Mark Bruce. Do you remember him, and that simple, gentle wife of his, and the two children, one as brown as a berry, and the other as fair as a lily, with hair of shining gold?"

"I remember them very well," replied her grace. "Indeed I could never forget that child; she was the most beautiful little creature I ever beheld; but she gave promise of being one of the worst."

"Oh, mamma, do not say such a thing!" cried Lady Estelle, with more animation than was usual with her.

"Why not, my dear?" said the duchess, calmly. "Great beauty and great weakness so often go together."

"But it seems such a cruel thing to say of a child—a little child."

"Well, perhaps it does seem rather hard; but then, 'the child gives promise of the man,' and if ever child was precocious in vanity and ambition, that child was. You forget her."

"Yes," said Lady Estelle. "It is so long since, I forget her; but you are generally merciful in your judgments, mamma. It seems strange to hear you speak harshly of a child."

The duchess made no reply. The subject seemed to have no particular interest for her, whereas the beautiful point lace she was making had great claims on her attention. After a few minutes Lady Estelle continued:

"I suppose nothing more has been heard of the child; no one has claimed her, or the story would have reached us. I must confess that I feel some little curiosity as to what she is like. I should be pleased to see her."

"If the girl bears out the promise of her youth, she would be worth seeing," said the duchess.

The entrance of her husband interrupted her, and she said no more.

The Duke of Downsbury looked pleased.

"My dear," he said to his wife, "I am delighted. I have the finest agent in the country. The accounts and everything else are in the finest possible order. I am so pleased that I thought of giving a dinner to the tenants; it could be no annoyance to you, and it would be a nice little act of attention, after being absent so long."

The duchess quite agreed with the project. It would be a compliment to them, and a pleasure to herself, she said.

The duke smiled to think what an amiable wife he had.

"To all your tenants, papa?" said Lady Estelle, in her graceful, languid way.

"Yes, all of them—rich and poor; but then there are no poor."

She smiled.

"I shall see Mark Bruce," she said. "I was just telling mamma that I felt some interest in that child we saw. I should like to know how she has turned out."

The duke's face lighted up.

"That pretty little girl," he said; "the one over whom there was a mystery. I had forgotten her, and the story too. I should like to see her. What wonderful hair she had. I must tell Mark Bruce to bring her over.'

"Mark Bruce is a sensible man," the duchess hastened to observe; "I am sure he will understand. She was a vain child then—she will be even vainer now. No one knows what nonsensical idea will fill her mind if she thinks she has been invited here; you might do her a great harm by such indiscretion. Tell him to bring her over if she likes; but tell him, at the same time, it will be as well for him not to mention it—he is sensible enough to understand."

"I see—you are quite right, my dear—it shall be just as you say."

And Lady Estelle hastened to add:

"You are wise, mamma. I feel some curiosity over her. I have a vague recollection of a brilliant, beautiful child, who seemed very much out of place in that quiet farm-house. But it is so long ago."

Looking at his daughter, the duke hardly realised how long it was—she did not look one year older; perhaps the delicate state of health had preserved her face from all marks of time.

The calm, high-bred features were unruffled as ever; there was not one line on the fair brow, nor round the calm, serene lips; the fair hair was abundant and shining as ever; the light of the proud, brilliant eyes was undimmed. Time, indeed, seemed to have stood still for Lady Estelle Hereford.

It might be that she had escaped the wear and tear of emotion, so had had nothing to mar the calm serenity of her life or her features. She went back to her post at the window, and stood once more looking out over the trees; she remained silent, dreamy, abstracted, while the duke and duchess discussed their affairs, their tenants, friends, and neighbors.

"Estelle," said the duke, at length, "are you going to drive to-day?"

"No, papa, I think not; I do not care to go."

The duke and duchess exchanged glances.

"My dear Estelle," said the duke, gravely, "I wish that you did feel interested in going out or in anything else. We were in great hopes, your mother and I, that when you returned you would show a little more animation, a little more interest in the world around you—more capacity for enjoyment. Could you not throw off that languor, and be bright, animated, and happy?"

She smiled, and if that smile concealed any pain, no one knew it.

"I am happy, papa," she said; "but my languor is, I suppose, part of myself—I should not know how to throw it off. I suppose the right thing to do when you propose a walk or a drive on this lovely May morning, would be to blush—to glow and dimple. I am really sorry that I am so fashioned by nature as to find anything of the kind impossible."

The duke rose from his seat and went to his daughter. He placed his arm round the stately figure.

"Do you think that I am scolding you, Estelle?" he said. "I shall never do that. Nor could I be more proud of you than I am. It is only for your own sake that I speak to you, and because I long to see you happy. I should like to see you married, Estelle, and to hold my grandchildren in my arms before I die."

She started, the calm face grew a shade paler, then she clasped her arms round his neck.

"I am so happy with you and mamma," she replied, "I do not want any other love."

The next minute she had quitted the room.

The duchess looked at her husband with a smile.

"It is useless," she said. "Estelle is like no other woman in the world. I do not think she is capable of love; I do not think the man is born who could win from her a kindly smile, a warm word, or a lovely look. She loves us; no one else. I have watched her year after year and feel sure of it."

"It is strange, too," said the duke, "for the Herefords are not a cold-hearted race. And do you really think that she will never marry?"

"I feel sure of it. I do not think she will ever like anyone well enough. There is variety in all creation. We must not be surprised to find it in ladies."

The day fixed for the tenants' dinner came round, and among the others Mark Bruce arrived at the castle in a state of great glory. There had been great excitement at Brackenside when the invitation reached there, and Mark, with considerable difficulty, had mastered it.

"You are to dine at the castle," said Doris, with that quickness which seemed to take everything in at one glance. "Then, for once in your life, you must have a suit of clothes that pretend to fit you. Yours always look as though she had found them by accident, and had met with considerable difficulty in the way of putting them on."

Mark laughed, but Patty took up the cudgels for her husband.

"I am sure your father always looks nice, Doris."

"Why, mother, how can you judge?"

"It is not the coat that makes the man," said Patty.

Doris laughed.

"You are all brimful of good sentiments, but you are quite wrong; broadcloth makes its way where fustian is trampled under foot. I know all about the genuine stamp, a man's being a man for all that; but it is great nonsense. You believe me, father, there is much in having good clothes—the habit makes the monk."

They looked at her in wonder, as they generally did when she talked above them.

"Have some good clothes," Doris continued. "You have no idea how much the other tenants will respect you if you are well dressed and show a good gold chain."

Mark laughed. The cynicism of Doris always amused him.

Here he saw some glimmer of sense in what she said; so Mark went to Quainton, an adjacent town, and ordered a suit of the finest broadcloth. Great was the excitement when it came home, and the honest farmer stood arrayed in all his glory.

He looked very delighted, but stiff and uncomfortable; his arms seemed longer than ever, his hands redder and more awkward; still he tried to do honor to his new estate by carrying it off boldly. To his wife he confided that he should not always like being a gentleman, to be dressed so tightly; and Mark's wife flung her loving arms around his neck:

"You are a gentleman," she said; "one of nature's very own."

The whole family stood by the gate to see Mark drive off. Doris had placed a white rose in his button hole; his wife and daughter watched him with pride and exultation in their heart, while Doris thought to herself that, after all, even a broadcloth suit could not make what she called a gentleman.

"I am sure that no one in the room will look so nice as your father," said Mrs. Bruce, proudly; the glories of the new broadcloth had dazzled her. Mattie quite agreed with her, while Doris, with a mocking smile, went away.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE tenants' dinner was a great success. It was well attended, for all were anxious to show that they appreciated and returned the duke's kindly feeling. To Mark it was a dream of glory; he had seen nothing like the interior of this magnificent castle.

The state rooms, the superb hall, with its blazonry of shields and armor; the banquet room, with its groined roof and grand pictures, dazzled him. It was something to be a tenant of such a duke as this.

As for the dinner itself, it simply amazed him; he did not know the names of half the dishes or half the wines; as for the fruit, the silver, the servants in attendance, he thought of it all with bated breath.

Doris had desired him, in a whisper, to tell her all he saw, and to be sure and not forget anything. Honest Mark tried to take an inventory, but his mind failed him; it gave way under the strain; he could not grasp the half of what he saw and heard.

Mark's wonder was not diminished when a footman, bowing very respectfully, asked him to be kind enough to follow him. He arose instantly, and followed through such dazzling and magnificent rooms that he began to think of the "Arabian Nights" he had read when a boy.

They came to a door that was covered with rich velvet hangings; the footman pushed them side, opened it, and Mark Bruce found himself to his great consternation and distress, in the presence of the duchess and her daughter, both in evening dress, and shimmer of silk, the sheen of jewels, were enough to bewilder the honest farmer.

Still he had a native dignity of his own of which nothing could deprive him. Although his hands felt more stiff and red than ever, and he was most sorely puzzled what to do with them, still he recollected himself, and bowed to the ladies in a fashion quite his own.

The duchess received him kindly. Lady Estelle spoke no word, but her indolent, handsome eyes rested on his face.

"Mr. Bruce," said her grace, "I am pleased to see you. We have been long absent."

Mark muttered something to the effect: "Heaven bless them, they were very welcome home."

The duchess smiled, and Lady Estelle thought to herself:

"What a simple, honest man he is."

Mark had disposed of his hands to his own satisfaction; one was placed behind him where it lay rigid and straight, the other hung down by his side as though slightly ashamed of itself. Then he found himself in difficulties over his feet. He had some dim idea that he had heard his wife say it was genteel to stand with the heels together, he tried it, and it proved a dead failure.

The duchess relieved him of all further embarrassment by pointing to a chair. He sat down with a deep sigh, that was almost a gasp—thankful to be relieved at last.

"I wanted to see you, Mr. Bruce," continued the stately lady, "to ask how the child is whom we saw at the farm."

Mark was himself again, with something to say of Doris. His face brightened.

"She is not a child now, your grace; she has grown to be a beautiful girl."

"Is she still beautiful?" asked her grace.

"I do not think the sun, when it rises in the morning, is brighter," replied Mark, with unconscious poetry.

"I am almost sorry to hear it," said her grace. "There are more qualities than beauty for a girl in her position, Mr. Brace."

"Yes; but we can't help it."

"And," interrupted the duchess, "have you heard any more? Do you know to whom she belongs? Have you any trace of her parentage?"

Lady Estelle shut her jeweled fan, and laid it on the table. Her eyes were fixed on Mark's face.

"No, your grace," he replied. "We know no more than we did on the day she first came to us. The money comes every year. It always comes from London, generally in Bank of England notes, quite new and crisp; sometimes gold, packed in a little box. It never fails."

"It is so strange. There is never a word about the child in the parcels? No questions? No remarks?"

"No, not one," he replied.

"And what have you done with her all these years?" asked the duchess. "She had high spirits of her own."

"She has been to school, your grace; it was her own wish she should go. She was away for four years without coming home.

"Then she is clever and accomplished?" said the duchess.

"Yes," replied Mark; "she is as clever as any lady in the land."

Then his face grew crimson, and he said to himself that he had made a great blunder. Lady Estelle smiled in her usual languid fashion.

"I mean, your grace," exclaimed Mark, "that she is really very clever. She sings like a mermaid," he added, delighted at his own figure of speech; "she can dance, and speaks two foreign languages."

The duchess laughed, it was impossible to help it; Mark's face was such a study as he enumerated this list of accomplishments.

"I should like to see your protegee, Mr. Brace," said her grace; "but as she is inclined to be vain, it would be wise perhaps not to tell her that I have expressed such a wish."

Mark looked very wise; he quite agreed with it.

"You might say," continued her grace, "that you are coming over to the castle next week on business, and bring her with you."

"I will, your grace," said Mark, proudly, "I am coming on business next Tuesday; my lease is to be renewed. I will bring her with me. She is engaged to be married," he added, bluntly.

"Engaged!" repeated the duchess. "Why, she can not be more than nineteen."

"She is nineteen," said Mark; "and, of course, I shall not allow her to be married for a year."

"You are quite right," interrupted the duchess.

Lady Estelle had opened her fan, and she stirred it gently, as she asked:

"To whom is she engaged?"

Mark declared, in reporting the conversation, that it was the grammar that destroyed him. It made him feel unequal to giving any answer. He turned uneasily in his chair.

"To whom is she engaged?" repeated the clear, musical voice.

"Why, my lady, he is a poet and a gentleman."

"A poet and a gentleman!" repeated the duchess. "That is high praise."

"He deserves it, your grace. He has written a book—I can not say whether it has been read among the great people; but, with such as us, the verses are on the lips of every man, woman, and child."

"What is the poet's name?" asked Lady Estelle.

"Earle Moray, my lady. He lives near us, and his father was a clergyman. His mother is a very quiet, grave lady. She always thought that Doris was my daughter, and when she heard the truth she was quite unwilling for her son to make such a marriage. But he talked her over."

Lady Estelle used her fan vigorously; her face had suddenly grown burning red.

"They are very much attached to each other," continued Mark. "I never saw anything like the way in which he worships her. I am sure that if he lost her he would go mad."

"Let us hope not," said the duchess, with a smile. "Going mad is a very serious matter."

"Then," said the low, sweet voice of Lady Estelle, "your protegee is provided for, Mr. Brace. Her future is certainly safe?"

"I hope so, my lady," said cautious Mark. "But as the wedding does not take place for a year, much may happen in that time."

"We will hope it will all end happily," said her grace.

Then Mark understood that his interview had ended. Lady Estelle murmured a careless adieu; the duchess spoke kindly of Patty, and Mark went home that night a proud and happy man.

He was greeted with innumerable questions. His wife seemed to think that he had been the principal person present; that except for the fact of his presence, the dinner party would have been insignificant. Doris positively bewildered him with questions. Mrs. Brace and Mattie sat with awe and wonder depicted on their faces.

"I can not answer so many questions, Doris," said Mark, at last. "I tell you what—I am going to the castle again on Tuesday to renew my lease; will you go with me?"

Her beautiful face flushed crimson.

"Will I? Of course I will," Doris said.

"What would they say?" asked Mattie.

"They would not say anything," said Mark. "I should tell them that my daughter Doris had a great fancy for seeing the inside of a castle; and you may take my word they will be kind enough."

"Let Mattie go," suggested Mrs. Brace.

But Mattie shrunk back.

"Oh, no!" she said, "I should not care for it, I would rather not."

"And I would give a year of my life," said Doris.

"You need not give anything," said Mark. "Dress yourself tidily, not finely," he added, with a touch of natural shrewdness. "One does not require finery in going to see a duchess."

"Shall I see the duchess?" asked Doris, opening her eyes wide with surprise.

Then Mark Brace perceived his error.

"I am a poor hand at keeping a secret," he thought. "If you go to the castle," he replied, "it is very probable that you will see the Duchess of Downsbury."

"I shall not be able to sleep from this moment till then," cried Doris.

And when Earle Moray came she could talk to him about nothing but the intensity of the pleasure in store for her.

A hundred times and more did Mark repent giving the invitation; he had no peace, no rest; even Earle himself could not persuade her to talk about anything except the grandeur of Downsbury Castle.

"I am quite sorry that I can not go back to school for a few days," she said, "just to make my school-fellows mad with jealousy."

"Why should they be mad?" asked Mattie.

"You do not know how much they talk about Downsbury Castle," she replied. "My dear, they call England a Christian land, and they pray for the conversion of all pagans and idolaters. There are no such idolaters as these same English, who worship rank, title, and wealth as they never worshiped Heaven."

"You are one of them, Doris," said Mattie.

"Not altogether. Underneath my worship there is a vein of cynicism, but no one suspects it. If you want to learn a few lessons of that kind, Mattie, you should go to a fashionable boarding school. I declare that I never heard any one quoted for being good or virtuous; it was always for being nobly born, rich, titled. I learned my lesson quickly, Mattie.

"You did, indeed," was the brief reply, "and it is a lesson that I am sorry Earle's wife should ever have taken to heart."

The only reply was a careless laugh. Doris did not even care to quarrel with her sister, so highly delighted was she at the prospect of going to the castle.

At length, to the intense delight and relief of everyone, Tuesday came, and it was time to go.

Doris did not love nature. She had no appreciation of its beauties; but in after years she did remember how the sun had shone on this day, and how blithely the little birds had sung in the trees; how sweet was the perfume of the flowers and the fragrance of the hedges as they drove to Downsbury Castle.

CHAPTER XIX.

IT was a busy morning at Downsbury Castle. Several visitors had called, and when Mark, with his beautiful protegee, arrived, they were shown into the library to await the duke's pleasure.

It was evident to Mark that they had been expected, for a tempting lunch was served them; a lunch the servants called it—to Mark and Doris it seemed a most sumptuous dinner. Mark could not help watching the girl. He himself was strange, embarrassed, confused; the silver fork was heavy, the napkin confused him; she sat with the easy grace and dignity of a young queen, sipping the rosy wine from the richly cut glass, and looking quite at her ease.

"You seem quite at home, Doris," said Mark, enviously.

"I feel so," she replied. "I could live happily enough here; it is so easy to be good when one is rich."

He looked at her in dull wonder, as he generally did when she puzzled him.

"But, Doris," he said, "that is just exactly the opposite of what the Bible says. Don't you remember the text about the rich man, the camel, and the needle's eye?"

"I remember it," she replied. "Those who have no money long for it, and some desire it so ardently they will do anything to win it; the rich have no need to be envious or jealous."

He was not clever enough to argue with her; the only thing he could do was to tell her she was wrong, and that she should not talk in that way.

Before there was time to reply the door opened, and the duke came in.

He spoke kindly, saying that the duchess was engaged with some visitors, but that Lady Estelle Hereford would see Miss Brace, and would be pleased to show her the pictures and the flowers.

Mark looked astounded at the condescension; even the duke himself felt some little surprise when she had made the offer.

"You had better let the housekeeper take her, my dear," he had said.

"Very well, papa," she replied, carelessly; but after a few minutes she added; "I think it will amuse me to see this young girl, papa. I will show her some of the pictures and my flowers."

"She would be more comfortable with the housekeeper," he said; "but do as you wish, my dear."

When he saw the beautiful, refined, high-bred young girl seated at the table, he changed his mind—it did not seem so certain that she would be more comfortable with the housekeeper. He looked in wonder at her perfect face and graceful figure.

"She looks like a young princess," he said to himself, and his manner almost involuntarily changed—something of chivalrous respect came into it; and Doris, so marvelously quick, detected the change. She saw that he admired her, and then she felt quite at her ease.

He said something to Mark about the agent who was waiting to see him. Then the door opened, and Lady Estelle entered.

As her eyes fell upon the young girl she started, and her face grew deadly pale, so pale that the duke stepped hastily forward, and cried out:

"Are you ill, Estelle?"

"No," she replied; "the day is warm, and warm weather never suits me. Good-morning, Mr. Brace. Is this your daughter?"

Mark bowed to the pale, stately lady.

"This is my daughter, my lady," he replied.

Lady Estelle Hereford, going nearer to her, looked into the beautiful, radiant face. Doris returned the glance, and the two remained for one minute looking, for the second time in their lives, steadily at each other.

"I am glad to see you," said Lady Estelle, kindly. "I remember having seen you when you were a child."

Doris bowed. There was perfect ease, perfect grace in her manner, and the duke, looking at her, was fairly puzzled; that high bred, perfect repose, that fascinating charm of manner, surprised him. He looked at his daughter to see if she shared his surprise, and felt anxious about her when he saw that her face was still deadly pale.

Then he asked Mark to go and see the agent. Lady Estelle, with her rigid lips, smiled at Doris.

"I will take charge of you," she said. "Come with me." They left the room together. "We will go to the boudoir first," she said. "There are some very fine paintings; you will like to see them."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BLESSED is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it and will follow it.

Bric-a-Brac.

WHAT "NIAGARA" MEANS.—Niagara is a corruption of the Indian word Neagara, meaning "across the neck," an allusion to the strip of land between the lakes. The names has been subjected to as many as thirty changes since the discovery of the cataract.

"TOOTS."—General Dabney Maury, a soldier who had served in the Mexican, Indian, and Civil Wars, owned a dog named "Toots," as intelligent a creature as ever walked on four feet. One day he was bitten by a rattlesnake, and his master took him at once to the doctor, who burnt the wound well with caustic. The dog recovered, but several months later, during the general's absence, he was bitten again on the same foot. So what does "Toots" do but bie him to the doctor, and hold up his foot for examination and treatment!

ASSEMBLAGES OF BIRDS.—English sports men are particular as to the description of what they shoot at. A contemporary, having spoken inaccurately of a covey of pheasants, received the following list of correct names for assemblages of birds. A covey of partridges; a nye, nide, or nest of pheasants; a herd of swans; an exalting of larks; a watching of nightingales; a team of ducks; a muster of peacocks; a bevy of quails; a flight of doves; a flock or gaggle of geese; a spring of teals; a fall of woodcocks; a pack of grouse; a sedge of herons; a shoal of rooks; a trip of widgeon; a wisp or walk of snipe.

THE OLDEST TREE IN THE WORLD.—At Somo, in Lombardy, there grows a cypress which is said to be not only the oldest cypress in Europe, but probably the oldest tree in the world. According to popular belief, it was planted in the year of the birth of Jesus, and so it is held in high reverence; but it is supposed to be at least forty years older. It is 120 feet high and its trunk is 23 feet round. After his defeat at Pavia, where "all was lost save honor," Francis I. struck at the tree with his sword in a moment of despair. Napoleon the Great, too, respected its fame by turning the road which he planned over the Simplon from the straight line at this spot, in order to avoid harming the tree.

A RARE CABBAGE.—Kerguelen's Land, or the Island of Desolation, in the Antarctic Ocean, has this claim to distinction, that it possesses a kind of cabbage found nowhere else in all the wide world. If you want this plant, therefore, you must go to Kerguelen's Land for it. This, in point of fact, the crews of whalers and others ships are only too pleased to do, for boiled with beef or pork it is useful as a preventive of scurvy. The root-stock has a horse-radish flavor, and the heart of the leaves tastes like mustard and cress, only coarser. Captain Cook called attention to it. Fortunately, it flourishes in abundance on its lonely rock. When you ask for Kerguelen's Land cabbage, you are safe to get it, for an inferior kind is not likely to be substituted for it.

FISHING BY GOOSE.—Lords and ladies in the olden time used to invent queer kinds of amusement. They were always on the look-out for some novelty, and perhaps they succeeded in adding freshness to their pursuit of pleasure when they resorted to fishing by means of geese. A line with baited hook having been fastened to its leg, the goose was placed in the water, the lords and ladies gay following in a boat to watch the sport. If a pike caught the bait, there was sport indeed, a regular battle royal between bird and fish. During all the splashings and wheelings and flounderings, the spectators gave vent to their feelings in cheers and handkerchief-wavings and hand hand-clappings. The goose was usually victor, and ended the struggle by conveying its prisoner ashore.

NIMBLE LADS.—In China two little rods, about ten inches long, of wood, bone, ivory, or silver, take the place of knife and fork at meals. These rods are called by foreigners "chopsticks," but to the Celestial they are known by a name that means "nimble lads." They are both held in the right hand, one between the tips of the second and third fingers, the other between the thumb and forefinger; and so neatly and lightly are they made to work together that one can easily understand the reason for their native name. Every Chinaman that considers himself anybody carries a chopstick case hanging from his girdle. As meat is always served already carved, a knife is really not needed; but they usually carry a long, narrow knife in the case, for the purpose of serving pieces of meat that have not been quite cut apart.

MEMORIES.

BY M. E. C.

Years ago, in sunny weather,
Love, we wandered on together
Through the lanes where arching branches
cast a cool refreshing shade,
When the birds their mates were calling,
And the golden sunbeams, falling
Through the leaves, cast checkered patterns
on the mosses of the glade.

Summer winds were softly blowing,
Many a crimson rose was glowing
Like a ruby, em'rald circled, 'mid her glossy
verdant leaves;
Thrushes all were sweetly singing,
And the merry swallows winging
From their nests beneath the drooping jas-
mine-clustered cottage eaves.

In the meadows by the river
Did we watch the willows quiver,
And you stooped to pluck the fragile lilac-
tinted cuckoo flowers,
And the radiant sunlight, beaming,
Kissed your lips, as redly gleaming
As the roses looking southward in the leafy
garden bowers.

Love, the world is sadder, older,
Life seems graver, duller, colder,
Yet the flow'rs bloom on for ever, and the
meadows grasses wave;
Merry swallows still are flying,
But the summer winds are sighing
O'er the rose that bends so gently by the
headstone of your grave!

AFTER LONG YEARS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED.)

"I SOMETIMES go round Regna with the basket, if not the tracts," said Claire, with a smile.

"That's all very well—at Regna. It is part of your role, my dear—the Lady Bountiful, and all that—but I'm thinking of the professional London district visitor ——"

Claire laughed.

"Don't be afraid," she said. "I have neither courage nor unselfishness for that."

"I am delighted to hear it," said Lady Redmayne, devoutly. "I hope you are not offended by my candor, my dear?" she added.

"No; I am grateful," said Claire, simply. "It is very good of you to take any interest in me."

"Which means, 'Thank you for your advice, which I don't mean to follow?'" remarked Lady Redmayne, shrewdly.

Claire colored faintly.

"I will see," she said quietly.

That same evening she and Mrs. Lexton dined out, and as she entered the room, Lady Redmayne, who was of the party, saw that Claire had discarded black from her dress, and wore a costume which, if simple—for bright colors and elaborate costumes were not to Claire's taste—was both rich and elegant. And the old lady nodded and smiled on her, approvingly.

Claire attracted a good deal of attention, and, in the drawing room, after dinner, the men were gathered round her in that significant accord which indicates that their interest and admiration have been aroused.

Though it was the "off season," Parliament was sitting, and there were enough people in town to provide for Claire that foretaste of success which Lady Redmayne had prophesied.

When Claire rode in the Park, she had no lack of attendant cavaliers; and when she appeared in Lady Redmayne's box at the winter opera, men dropped in noiselessly, and stood at the back of Claire's chair, eager for a word, or, better still, a smile.

Claire was gracious to all of them. To the young boy peer—Lord Charmly—who was madly in love with her, and declared his love in public and private—to the mature statesman—Sir William Grantly—who paid the mistress of Court Regna the grave attentions characteristic of so famous a man. Claire was gracious to them all; but neither the boy's fervent adoration, nor the statesman's serious devotion touched her heart.

Sometimes she felt as if her heart was dead; as if it had been robbed of life and the capacity for love, on the night she had seen Lucy Hawker on Gerald Wayre's breast.

And when the thought struck her, a flush would rise to her face, and her hands would clench: that she, Claire Sartoris, should be so poor a thing as to think of a man who had left her side—with his love vows warm upon his lips—to fly with another woman—a girl from her own village, almost one of her servants!

Lady Redmayne's worldly-wise advice bore fruit. When Claire and Mrs. Lexton returned to the Court, the worn and weary expression had almost disappeared from Claire's face, and she seemed very nearly her old self. But as the carriage passed by the half-demolished wing, she averted her eyes, as if they were not even yet strong enough to look upon it unmoved.

They had scarcely settled down when the county families began to call. Lord Chester was the first, and the others followed suit. A few months ago Claire would have said, "Not at home!" and contented herself by merely returning their cards; but, in Lady Redmayne's words, she was not determined to live.

The county people saw and were seen, and were delighted with her. Invitations to dinner came pell-mell, and Claire accepted them. Her appearance at the first of these parties created as much of a sensation as was permissible at such a solemn function as a county dinner.

She looked superb, and the effect of her clear, ivory face and violet eyes, with their half-sad, half dreamy light, was heightened by contrast with the brilliant color, and rather florid style of beauty of the other women. She looked like a Grecian statue in the midst of a gaily-colored flower-garden.

The women eyed her curiously, and with reluctant admiration, and the men, metaphorically, fell at her feet at once.

It was a large party. Lord Chester took Claire into dinner, and was evidently delighted at having her under his wing. He had called at the Court several times since Claire's return, and he treated her as if they were quite old friends.

"It is a large party," he said, raising his pince nez; "but not so large as those you are accustomed to in London, Miss Sartoris. I like a large party; it is more cheerful, don't you think? And people are not so likely to drift into gossip and politics—which I hate. By the way, isn't that Mr. Mordaunt Sapley down there, at the end of the table?"

Claire looked. It was indeed that gentleman. Perhaps the surprise she felt at seeing him at a country dinner party, showed itself in her face; for Lord Chester smiled as he balanced his soup spoon.

"A clever young fellow!" he said. "I am glad to meet him, for I want to ask his advice about some land I have on my hands. Rather calculating of me, you are thinking! An expressive face is not always an advantage to its owner, Miss Sartoris," he added with a laugh.

"I am sure Mr. Sapley will be glad to help you," said Claire.

She looked down the table again at Mordaunt, and noticed a change in him. He seemed to have grown older and graver, and Claire, whose eyes were like the eagle's, thought that she noticed some threads of grey in the hair on his temples.

It seemed improbable in a man so young; but if she were mistaken in the gray hairs, there could be no mistake in the lines which had suddenly become graven in his face, and which revealed themselves quite plainly.

She noticed that he wore no jewelry of any kind, and that in place of the old conceited, self satisfied expression his face wore a look of set gravity.

"Mr. Mordaunt Sapley has become quite a celebrity of late—but of course you know," remarked Lord Chester.

"No," said Claire. "I have been away some months."

"I thought you might have heard. Old Sapley—I beg your pardon!" He laughed. "He is generally called 'Old Sapley,' has almost entirely given up business now, and his son has stepped into his place, and I imagine makes a very worthy successor."

"Has Mr. Sapley been ill?" Claire asked.

"I don't think so; though I fancy I have heard he has been ailing lately. He is getting on in years, you know."

"He appeared quite well and strong, when I left," said Claire. "But I remember that Mr. Mordaunt transacted business for him."

"Perhaps he felt that it would be a good thing for the young fellow to have some responsibility," remarked Lord Chester, "and it appears to have worked very well, for I hear that Mr. Mordaunt has very much improved, in fact that he has become quite a 'changed man.'"

"And in what way is he famous?" asked Claire.

Lord Chester laughed.

"Oh, I only used the phrase in a limited and local sense. He has shown a great interest in politics lately, and has taken rather a prominent part in local affairs. They say that he started the idea of the new hospital at Thraxton; it is certain that though he did not head the subscriptions, he planked down the largest check."

Claire was surprised. She knew that Mr. Sapley, the father, had never erred on the side of liberality.

"Then there was the matter of the hounds," continued Lord Chester. "You may have heard that our host, Lord Wraybrough threatened to give up the mastership because of the lack of subscriptions?"

"Yes, I saw it in the papers."

"Well, we were all in despair, and had given up the hounds for lost, when young Sapley came forward and offered to guarantee the deficiency. Of course it must have been with his father's money, but we all know it was Mr. Mordaunt's doing."

He glanced approvingly—and yet curiously—at the preternaturally grave face at the other end of the table.

"And he did it very modestly too. Most young men coming forward in that way would have done so with the object of filling the mastership, but Mr. Mordaunt stipulated that Lord Wraybrough should retain it. Then there was another matter—a small matter, but one that has won golden opinions for Mr. Mordaunt amongst the people—but they are your people, Miss Sartoris, and you will have heard of it, no doubt?"

"I don't think so. What is it?" Claire asked.

"Old Captain Hawker at Regna—he has had some trouble lately," Lord Chester went on quickly and delicately, "and the poor old man was broken down. They say that he isn't likely to live. A case of broken heart, if ever there was one."

The hand with which Claire raised her wineglass trembled.

"Oh, I am sorry—sorry," she murmured, almost inaudibly.

"Yes, yes!" said Lord Chester, quickly. "Poor old fellow! I went to see him yesterday, and I am afraid that he is breaking up."

"I will go and see him to-morrow," said Claire, with a little catch in her voice. "And what is it that Mr. Mordaunt has done?"

"He has given the old man a pension, quite a liberal pension—but I beg your pardon a thousand times! Perhaps it comes from you and Mr. Mordaunt was only your agent."

Claire looked away, her brows drawn straight.

"No," she said, her voice sounding cold and proud, as it always did when she was much moved. "I did not know Captain Hawker was ill."

Lord Chester saw that she was distressed or annoyed, and hastened away from the subject. "It is whispered that Mr. Mordaunt Sapley may probably stand for the county at the general election, and 'pon my word, I shouldn't be surprised if he were returned!"

"Mr. Mordaunt Sapley, a member of Parliament!" Claire exclaimed, involuntarily. She remembered the father creeping servilely about the Court in Lord Wharton's time, remembered Mordaunt as he was, only recently, vain, affected, self-conceited: it sounded incredible, ridiculous to her.

Lord Chester laughed as if he enjoyed her naive astonishment.

"Ah, my dear Miss Sartoris, we live in democratic times! Nothing nowadays surprises me, certainly not the sudden rise of any man. Why, think of the kind of persons we send to the House! Though, it's true Mr. Mordaunt would be a county member; and we have always sent one of our own people."

He used the phrase quite simply, and without a suspicion of vulgar pride or insolence.

"But the old order changes, you know! And really, come to consider it, I'm not sure that Mr. Mordaunt wouldn't make a capital member. Anyway he would be better than our present man, poor old Barkly, who has never opened his mouth in the House—except to snore."

"At any rate, Mr. Mordaunt is here"—he looked round him significantly—"and," he laughed again, "one ought not to be surprised at anything that follows."

There was a pause for a moment, then he added, candidly:

"I am afraid you will think the last remark in rather bad taste; and it was. But what I meant was, that a short time ago Mr. Mordaunt Sapley would not have had an invitation from Lord Wraybrough."

"I understand," said Claire.

"But times are changing; for the better—perhaps," the oldest aristocrat and his prejudices peeped out in the pause, and the doubtful account of the "perhaps." "We want young blood. Mr. Mordaunt Sapley is young, undeniably clever and rich—or will be."

"Will he?" said Claire, absently.

Lord Chester smiled.

"I should say that Mr. Sapley was one of the richest men in the country," he replied. "How he got it—" he shrugged his shoulders and wrinkled his face, ruefully.

"Ah, well, one man's loss is another man's gain. We all know how men like old Sapley amass their wealth. It is the old story of the ivy and the oak. The ivy flourishes, the oak dies. But really I must have bored you to death with Mr. Sapley and his works. Did you go and see Irving and Miss Terry while you were in town?"

The dinner dragged its slow length along, but at last came to a conclusion, and the ladies left the gentlemen to their claret. Mordaunt leant back in his chair and drew an inaudible breath of relief.

Every time Claire had glanced his way he had felt the calm, violet eyes upon him. It seemed to him as if she had read his secret, not only the awful secret of his crime, but that hidden ambition, which, at first sown in his breast by his father, had now grown into a stalwart plant under whose spreading leaves the course of his life was steadily working its way.

He was incapable of love, but, mingled with his feverish craving for place and power, was that base substitute for love which is all such a man can feel.

Claire's beauty, her indescribable grace and charm, made his heart beat with ambition and desire, ambition to become the master of Court Regna, desire to gain the loveliest woman he had ever seen.

One moment his heart quailed before the difficulties which her beauty and her pride presented, the next, he rose to a kind of sullen and dogged resolution.

Who could say that he would not win? What had he not achieved already? Here he was, a guest at the table of one of the most exclusive of the county families; he had gained his footing, he would take care to strengthen it day by day, until there should be no outcry of surprise when he took the last great step.

And he did not play his part badly. He had changed wonderfully; the father's shrewdness and cleverness had cropped up in him, aided by a better education and knowledge of the world, bore him along.

In the matter of the hospital and the hounds he had been careful not to push himself forward, but had assumed a modesty so well as to deceive everybody, even these great folk who naturally regarded him with suspicion.

The invitation to the Wraybrough's dinner party, marked a step in his career, and he was careful how to behave. Though quiet and reserved he did not make the mistake, too frequent committed by the "new man," of being timid and nervously deferential.

He only spoke when there was occasion, and spoke modestly, but with quiet self-possession, and something like dignity, as if he wished to intimate that he was quite conscious of the novelty of his position, but was not overwhelmed by the honor it conferred upon him.

Lord Wraybrough was not only grateful to him for saving the hounds, but was rather taken with the young fellow who had come forward so quietly and taken a part in the public affairs of the county.

Now that he had thrown off his foolish Oxford affectations, there was not much the matter with Mordaunt's manners, and the gravity, unusual in so young a man, was rather taking.

Lord Wraybrough, already prepossessed in his favor, almost liked him—almost; for there was something indefinable in the not bad looking face, which, so to speak, put people on their guard—and, when the ladies had left, he took care to draw Mordaunt into the conversation.

An alteration in the game laws came under discussion, and Mordaunt who had luckily been "reading up" the proposed Bill, talked about it sensibly, and the rest of the men listened with the well-bred, unaffected attention of their class.

Lord Chester—perhaps remembering his conversation with Claire—remarked with a smile—

"You have stated the case very clearly, Mr. Sapley,"—He could not have omitted the "Mr." if his life had depended upon it, but Mordaunt, though he winced inwardly, showed no outward sign—"and I quite agree with you. With you, I can't

see how it would benefit the working-man to throw open the preserves to every man who chose to take out a game license."

"Dash it all, no! I should think not!" exclaimed one of the county squires. "If there were no game there would be no keepers, no shooting to let, no shooting-tenant to spend money. I'm getting rather tired of the 'working-man' cry, and should like to see something done for the poor gentleman."

"That will come when we are quite ruined, Heathcote," remarked Lord Wraybrough, laconically.

"The working-man has the power now," said his brother, the rector, holding the glass up to the light and sighing.

"Educate him," said Mordaunt, quietly. "Teach him to see where his true interests lie, and he will use the power wisely."

"By jove, you're right sir," said Heathcote, staring at him with a kind of bovine surprise and approval. "You seem to know how the case stands."

"You ought to go into the House, Mr. Sapley," remarked Lord Chester.

For the first time Mordaunt's pale face flushed, but the flush did not last longer than a moment, and his small eyes—wonderfully like his father's now, shot a glance round the table, then sank modestly.

"Thank you, Lord Chester; but there are others who have a prior claim to that honor, to say nothing of greater ability."

The latter part of the speech jarred somehow, and was followed by a silence which was broken by Lord Wraybrough.

"I don't know," he said, thoughtfully, but with a smile. "Someone will have to be found to fill Barkly's place; he tells me he will not stand again."

"Then Mr. Sapley had better think of it," said Lord Chester. The others looked at Mordaunt reflectively, and said nothing. He understook the look, but sat unmoved; but he wished that Claire were present.

"Now that we have started politics, the only way of stopping us will be to join the ladies," said Lord Wraybrough, and he led the way into the drawing room.

CHAPTER XX.

MORDAUNT did not at once go to Claire, but moved about the room, talking to the ladies whose acquaintance he had made.

Women are less exclusive towards men than to members of their own sex, and Mordaunt always found that he got on better with them than the masculine portion of the country families.

He had picked up some knowledge of art and literature at Oxford—at any rate he had acquired some of the jargon—and compared with the country squires, whose conversation was limited to sporting topics, the ladies found Mr. Mordaunt quite entertaining.

Some daring spirit had suggested a bazaar in aid of some of the local charities, and Mordaunt entered into the idea at once, and promised his assistance, both pecuniary and personal, and before he had left the group had succeeded in making a favorable impression.

"I think him an extremely nice young man," remarked Mrs. Heathcote. "So intelligent and well-informed."

"And he is always so gentlemanly," said Mrs. Lexton. "We see a great deal of him at the Court, of course."

"Ah, yes; one almost forgets that he is the son of Mr. Sapley, Miss Sartoris' agent," remarked Lady Wraybrough. "It is quite extraordinary the difference between them. It is wonderful what a University education will do."

"And he is so good-natured, too," said the lady with the bazaar on the brain. "He entered into our plans at once, and seemed so ready to assist."

"Oh, Mr. Mordaunt Sapley is the coming man, without doubt," said Lady Wraybrough, with a faint smile.

Meanwhile, Mordaunt had made his way to Claire. He did not make the mistake of seating himself beside her, but stood, slightly bending forward.

"This is my first opportunity of welcoming you home, Miss Sartoris," he said, with a grave voice, in which deference was very neatly suggested. "I thought of coming up to the Court some days ago, but deemed it better not to trouble you with business immediately after your return."

Claire glanced at him rather coldly. She was still annoyed at his action in the matter of old Hawker.

"Thanks," she said. "But I should have been quite ready to see to anything." Then, in her straightforward way, she said, looking at him with the direct regard of her violet eyes, "I am sorry you did not write and tell me of Captain Hawker's illness, Mr. Mordaunt."

He did not blush angrily, as he would have done a few months ago, but he lowered his eyes, and looked at the embroidered stool upon which one of her small feet, in its dainty satin shoe, rested.

"Ought I to have written to you?" he said. "I did think of doing so, but it seemed to me that I should only distress you without sufficient excuse."

"I should have been glad to—to have helped him," said Claire, looking straight before her.

"I was so sure of that, that I ventured to act on your behalf, in your name," he said, "and I have allowed the poor old man a pension. I trust I have not been guilty of presumption. I feel now that I ought to have written and asked your consent, but, as I have said, I was anxious to spare you any distress and worry."

Claire's face flushed, and she raised her eyes to his.

"This pension comes from me then?" she said.

"Certainly," he assented, with an air of surprise at her question. "It will be paid out of the estate. Captain Hawker quite understands that, I believe; and all who know of it. Have I presumed too far? I acted on the spur of the moment I must confess, but I felt convinced that I should have your approval. Perhaps I ventured—intruded——"

In the moment of reaction Claire felt quite penitent for having misjudged him.

"No, no!" she said quickly, and with the flush deepening on her face, "you acted quite rightly, and—and I am very much obliged to you. It is just what I would have wished done."

He looked relieved, even grateful.

"I am very glad of your approval, Miss Sartoris," he said. "I must confess that I have been rather uneasy, fearing that I had gone beyond my prerogative. I am afraid that poor Captain Hawker will not live long to enjoy your bounty. Nothing has been heard of his daughter."

He spoke the last sentence after a pause of a second or two, and with his eyes fixed on the footstool.

"Or of Mr. Wayre," he added. Then he went on quickly, "You will notice that Lee has cleared up the debris very carefully, and that the end of the wing has been built up—roughly, of course, but still sufficiently to fill it in, and make it sightly. It will be soon overgrown by the ivy, which I have had trained over the new work."

"Thank you," said Claire. As she spoke, it seemed to her that there was always something for which she had to thank Mr. Mordaunt Sapley.

"Shall you be at home to-morrow morning?" he went on, "I should be glad to see you about the schools. They are in a very bad condition, and I fear that they will need rebuilding—or, at any rate, considerable repairs. I learn from my father that Lord Wharton always considered himself responsible for them——"

"Yes," she said, promptly. "Whatever is necessary must be done. I will be at home to-morrow morning."

He inclined his head.

"I hope you had a pleasant time in London?"

"Yes, very," said Claire, and she found herself, for the first time in her life, talking about London, the concerts, the theatres, and parties, with Mr. Mordaunt Sapley, as if—as if he were her equal, and a friend! Even at the moment it struck her her as extraordinary.

He was too wise to monopolise her—he knew that the other men were anxious to talk with her, and were eyeing him askance—and, presently, he moved away.

At a country dinner-party, the dinner itself is the principal part of the function; many of the guests have long distances to drive, and the evening ends early.

To the last Claire was surrounded by the men, who made no secret of their admiration, and the spell which her beauty and the singular charm of her rather reserved manner cast upon them.

Mordaunt heard the carriage announced, and though he left it to Lord Wraybrough to conduct her to it, he stood near, as if in attendance, and ready to close the door, or receive a last word from her: was he not her steward, agent?

He stood a moment looking after the carriage, which, in its richness and completeness of appointments, surpassed any other in the county. The horses were a superb pair, perfectly matched; the liveries were rich and always in good condition. The whole equipage indicated the wealth of the mistress of Court Regna.

His own dogcart—he was too cautious to start a brougham yet—came up; and that, in its way, was as complete a turnout as the Court Regna chariot. It was just what a wealthy bachelor's should be—not fine or gaudy, but costly and well-appointed, from the serviceable sixteen-hand horse, to the newly liveried groom.

Lord Wraybrough looked at it critically.

"Nice turnout that of yours, Mr. Sapley," he said. "Where did you get that horse? Looks like a Yorkshireman!"

"He is Irish," said Mordaunt.

"Ah, yes; now I look at him again! A hundred guineas there," he added, in a friendly way.

"A hundred and twenty," said Mordaunt, modestly. "It is more than I intended to give, but I only keep two, and——"

Lord Wraybrough laughed and nodded.

"A good horse is always cheap," he said.

Mordaunt drove homeward. It was a fine night, and he was feeling that inward glow of satisfaction which your schemer always experiences when his schemes are going right.

He was satisfied—more than satisfied—with the evening's work. He had dined at Wraybrough Hall, had been treated as an equal; and Miss Sartoris had been a fellow-guest and witness of his triumph! And he had scored in the matter of old Hawker's pension—Yes, he ought to be satisfied!

What about the county seat? Would it be wise or not to put himself forward? As he pictured himself, "Member for the N. W. Division of Downshire," his face flushed; but a moment afterwards it went pale again, paler even than usual—for a man had stepped from the hill to the roadside, and Mordaunt recognized Jenks, the coastguard.

He never saw the man without being reminded of Lucy—of that awful something lying buried at the foot of the cliff—without a spasm shooting through him; and the spasm filled him with rage as well as fear, for he told himself that the latter was groundless.

"Well Jenks," he said, pulling up the high spirited horse, and forcing himself to speak pleasantly and carelessly; "fine night?"

"Yes, sir, grand weather. Have you such a thing——"

Mordaunt laughed, rather discordantly, and tossed him a cigar.

"I know your formula, what you want, without asking now, you see, Jenks!" he said. "Good night," and he drove on.

When he reached home, he entered the dining room. It had become changed for the better, like Mordaunt, and deserved a more dignified name than parlor. He mixed himself some soda and whisky, but only a small glass, and inquired of the neat waiting-maid—there were proper servants in the house now—whether his father was in bed, and being told that he was in the library—for so Mr. Sapley's den, redecorated and furnished, was now called—Mordaunt went to him.

Old Sapley was sitting in a stiff-backed arm-chair by the fire. He had altered, like the house, but in a different direction. He had grown thinner; the huge bones in his face stood out gauntly, with dark shadows on the sallow skin; the heavy brows had fallen over the cavernous eyes; his clothes hung upon him loosely, so contrasting the gaunt frame. He had changed in manner, as well as in appearance.

A kind of stupor seemed to have fallen upon him, and though his brain seemed as acute as ever, his voice had become lower, and his manner preoccupied and absent.

He had allowed the practice, with all its ramifications to drop almost entirely into Mordaunt's hands, and he rarely saw any clients, or appeared in public. But the most marked change was that displayed in his manner to Mordaunt. It was as if he had grown to fear his son.

It is certain that he never opposed him, not even when Mordaunt launched out into an expenditure which must have seemed prodigal to the narrower mind of the older man.

He would sit for hours, silently staring at the fire, only now and then glancing at Mordaunt. And there was something strange and curious in that glance.

It was as if the old man were perpetually asking himself a question in which Mordaunt was concerned, and as if he dreaded the answer, which as perpetually eluded him.

He had soon with keen eyes the change that had come over Mordaunt, and noted the rapid—the extraordinary rapid—progress he was making; but it seemed that, if he had not actually not lost all interest in the ambitious schemes which he himself had started, he had suddenly become content to step aside, to efface himself, and play the part of a spectator.

He looked up now, as Mordaunt entered, with a strange question in his eyes, and immediately lowered them to the fire again, as he said—

"Well, Mordaunt? Got back? Had a pleasant evening?"

"Yes, yes!" said Mordaunt, with an air of subdued triumph, "remarkably so."

He began to give a list of the guests, which embraced some members of almost all the county families; and as the old man listened, he nodded his huge head, and twisted his thin lips into a smile.

"Aye, a fine party," he said. "And they—they're civil, Mordaunt, eh?"

Mordaunt flushed.

"Civil! of course. They were not likely to be anything else. They were gentlefolks."

"Ah! of course, of course! And some of them had cause to be civil! Heathcote!" He glanced at a tin box, bearing the inscription, "Heathcote Estate." "Some of them remembered where their deeds were, eh, Mordy?"

"I don't imagine they thought of anything of the kind," he said, coldly.

"Perhaps not, perhaps not!" assented the father, deprecatingly. "Why shouldn't you go among them? You're a gentleman, as much—almost as much—as they are; though your father did sweep out—"

"Had you not better go to bed? It is late," interrupted Mordaunt.

The old man obediently raised himself by the arms of the chair, and then sank down again.

"In a minute or two, Mordy," he said, almost meekly. "Tell me some more about it. Was she there?"

"She," always stood for Miss Sartoris.

"Yes," said Mordaunt, "Miss Sartoris was there."

"And she saw you amongst them—saw that you were quite one of them, eh? That's good, that's good! We are getting on, Mordy? Lord, who'd have thought that a son of mine would have ruffled it amongst the best of them? And you can, Mordy, you can! I question if any of them could show a longer purse than you can."

"Money isn't everything," said Mordaunt, with a frown, as he opened his dispatch case, and began to examine some papers.

He worked hard now, and with a feverish eagerness which indicated that incessant work brought him some relief. It prevented useless brooding over the past.

"Pretty nearly," said old Sapley, with a timid kind of chuckle. "Money is power——"

"There is some talk of my standing for the county," Mordaunt broke in slowly.

Old Sapley turned in his chair with an exclamation of astonishment and exultation.

"Well, why not, why not?" he said. "You'll find money useful enough there, Mordy. Member for Downshire—'Mordaunt Sapley, Esq., M. P. for Downshire.' Ah!" He opened his lips, and drew a long breath.

"The best of them would have to receive you then, Mordy—even she! Yes. Stand, Mordy, stand! A Conservative, of course. But it's risky!" He added the word suddenly, and his face fell.

Mordaunt looked at him impatiently.

"Risky—what do you mean?"

The old man stared at the fire.

"A man wants clean hands and an open past," he muttered, as if to himself. "They ask questions, rake up old scandals——"

The lines seemed to deepen on Mordaunt's face.

"What are you talking about?" he said. "What cause have we to fear any raking up of the past? If we sprang from nothing, we rose honestly——"

"Yes, yes," assented old Sapley, with timid eagerness, but still staring at the fire. "Yes, you've nothing to fear, Mordy, eh?" For a moment he glanced at Mordaunt with the curious question in his eyes.

"Nothing!" said Mordaunt, emphatically; but as he spoke, his eyes dropped, and the hand that held the pen shook. "My past is clean enough. You may have had to do things in the course of your profession——"

Old Sapley shook his head.

"They won't trouble about that, Mordy. No one asks where you got your money—while you've got it still, and are spending it——"

"And it will have to be spent," said Mordaunt, as if glad to get away from the former subject. "I shall want to make a heavy draw upon the current-account this week. Is there enough? If not, we must pay in."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALONE.

BY A. G. T.

Through the wide world he only is alone
Who lives not for another. Come what will,
The generous man has his companion still!
The cricket on his hearth, the buzzing fly
That skims his roof—or be his roof the sky—
Still with its note of gladness passes by.
And in an iron cage condemned to dwell—
The cage that stands within the dungeon cell—
He feeds his spider; happier as the worst,
Than he at large, who in himself is cursed.

Going Haymaking.

BY G. G.

"BY Saint Bede!"

It was Lake's favorite oath, for he said Saint Bede was a dear old gentleman who got far less than his due, so he had become the leader of a little set who swore by the Saint, and wrote poems in his honor, and kept all his anniversaries, and read him—never.

"By Saint Bede," Lake said, and took one more look in the long glass, "there never was a better make up."

He stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and turned round to face Benham.

"I don't know you in this humor," Benham said.

He was a serious man. He seemed to have invested all his laughs, and only to draw a check on great occasions, certainly not when Lake chose to make an ass of himself by dressing up as a countryman to go out haymaking.

"You've known me in many humors," Lake answered, "but this is reality. What in this world is real but the woods and meadows and—and the wild beasts and things? Is Latin or Greek real? Dead languages that you have to grub up and galvanise and keep alive with midnight oil. Are professions real? Sitting in an office, doing nothing or plotting against other people's purses. Are balls and dinner-parties real? Gaslight, powder, paint, and false good-humor! Is there anything real?"

Benham sat against the edge of the dressing-table with his hands in his pockets. He had a single eyeglass, a thing that Lake detested, and he stuck it in now and looked his friend in the face.

"A good stream and a May-fly are real," he remarked, "and why you can't come with me to-day, Heaven only knows!"

"Yes, they're real too—in a way," Lake admitted as he arranged his hair a little more untidily.

"In what way aren't they?"

"Well, fishing is a recognised way for our class to kill time. So, you see, it's a convention too and quite unreal."

"If you want to be real," said Benham in the cold clear tones Lake sometimes thought brutal, "why do you go masquerading in those clothes? Go and haymake as yourself, not as a dressed-up idiot."

"Ah," Lake sighed, "that is the sacrifice has to make to reality. If I went as myself, the offering-up of itself, artificiality self, none of those haymakers would show me his real self. They'd cringe to me or defy me, according to the state of their political darkness.

"As it is, I shall just be another haymaker; a silent man perhaps; a man from another county (I thought of passing as Irish, only there's sure to be a dozen Irish there), and I shall see them as they are. They will use words, good old words 'the quality' is never lucky enough to hear; they will arrange themselves in artistic untaught attitudes; they will be themselves, and whether it is Arcadian simplicity or brutish ignorance it will at least be real, and for once I shall touch nature, actually have my hand on her, and feel the blood pulsing through her veins!"

He had come close to the dressing-table as he spoke, his face aglow with his thoughts. All at once Benham's hand lay upon his shoulder, and Benham's eyes looked into his.

"If you weren't such a terrible poet, Said Bede, one could be very fond of you," he said.

But even as he looked and spoke, the old reserve, half contemptuous, half weary, had settled down again.

"Don't forget Wednesday's ball and Lady Closly," he said, and his hand fell away, and he leaned over and struck a match on the back of the looking-glass to light his pipe which had gone out.

"What is Lady Closly to me? A girl I've never seen!"

"They say she's very real, anyhow, and as reality's your game at present——"

"How can she be real, brought up as she's been, and making her nightly round of parties in the season? My dear fellow, the thing's impossible. Never speak to me of her again."

"All I know is, when Harford asked you down to this coming-of-age ball, and you knew you'd see his cousin, Lady Closly there, you accepted at once."

Saint Bede swung round on his way out. "It's my daily prayer," he said half seriously, "that I may some day make up my mind on some subject, however unimportant, and never change it!"

So saying, he went out, laughing back at solemn Benham from the door, and betook himself to Farmer Green to be engaged for the haymaking. As he went he pictured himself in his mind's eye, his blue and-white spotted necktie, his waistcoat with pearl buttons, his hob-nailed boots, his corduroy trousers, so carefully rubbed and dirtied and tied under the knee with a bit of string, the whetstone slung on his back, and the inimitable hat on his head, and assured himself that his make-up was unassailable. He even imagined Farmer Green turning him away for a vagabond on the face of him.

But it so happened that Farmer Green was in want of men. He was an old-fashioned man, who liked old ways, and set his face against all new machinery, and so by-and-by Lake found himself turned out into a field of grass with a scythe in his hand and some half dozen men around him whose clothing certainly was not in the least like his own. Mowing he could not manage, and he was soon drafted off into another field where men and women were turning the grass that had been cut on Saturday. He fell very much in love with his pitchfork. It seemed to him so entirely primeval.

He worked happily on for some time, telling himself this hot sun pouring on his back was the sun the Sicilian peasants worked under long before labor associations and Parish Councils and all the latter-day things he hated had been invented.

The other haymakers had their jokes among themselves, jokes he could not so much as begin to understand, much to his annoyance, but he felt so thoroughly one of them, so entirely a haymaker at heart and in his essence that he did not feel himself out of it.

His teeth were set on edge by the women in hot second-hand clothes, just out of fashion and worn to somebody else's shape. The men's clothes too, he thought, were utterly unsuitable.

There was one girl, he noticed, only she was a long way off from him, who was ideally dressed for the haymaker. She wore a big sun bonnet, her flowered cotton gown was drawn through the placket holes, and her blue and white striped skirt showed gaily beneath. That girl and himself, he decided, were the only two people dressed in character.

But by and by the eminently suitable and characteristic boots began to hurt his feet. He toiled on, but every moment the image of his comfortable boots loomed larger before him, while he was always having to stop working to mop his face and neck, though, after a hard week's rowing, he had thought he was in training for anything.

At last the dinner sent from the farm appeared in the distance, and he sank thankfully on the bank under the chestnut trees at the top of the field, and drank what seemed to him at the first draught nectar, at the second, passable beer, at the third, very poor stuff indeed.

He tried to talk to the man next him, but he was not in the least interested in anything the man liked, and the man did not of his own accord lead off into intellectual subjects, and Lake became painfully aware that his own accent was a totally different thing from any accent there, and that they all looked rather askance at him.

"Broken-down gent?" the man said at last with a sidelong look.

"By Saint Bede, no!" Lake replied with unnecessary indignation.

"No offence," the man said rather surlily, and moved away. With the instinct of all animals, human or otherwise, he hated an intruder.

Lake happened to turn his head, and caught half a laughing eye under the sunbonnet. Undoubtedly she was laughing at him. This led him to look at her. He noticed that she sat a little apart from the others, and that they seemed rather shy of speaking to her. Some village scandal, his ready imagination supposed, centering round the most beautiful girl. And immediately his poetic soul was afire. How brutal these people could be!

When she had finished her dinner she took a little book out of her pocket and began to read. One by one, the others all got up and left her there.

One little girl as she passed, Lake saw, smiled at her and she smiled back. He liked that little girl, though her shabby-fine velveteen bodice and the cotton dahlias in her hat were lamentably wrong in a haymaker. At last only the flowered gown and himself were left.

He felt that he ought to speak to her. He felt that she would without doubt expect something from him, some rustic gallantry. He looked at her. The sun-bonnet hid all but the tip of her nose, but he could plainly see that she was reading calmly on.

He found himself watching her small hand with its finger stuck under the next page. It traveled slowly down, turned over the page, and tucked itself under the next. He wondered what the book was, what haymakers usually read, and could not remember having ever connected them with reading in any way. He felt horribly ignorant of everything outside his own narrow round.

What on earth did such people usually say to one another? He could not help feeling it horribly impertinent to speak to an unknown woman alone like that, because Saint Bede had various old chivalrous ideas about him that are not as a rule included in a man's social outfit nowadays, but to speak to her would only be to act up to the character he had put on, and artistic in all things he was. The shadows of the chestnut leaves played backwards and forwards over her as she sat, a faint colored patch in the dim bright shade.

He liked to watch that, and lay back and forgot all about speaking to her. Then the ball on Wednesday night came into his head, and he went dreaming on, bestowing all sweet and womanly virtues on this village girl, and shaming in his mind the artificial beauties of the ball-room with her image. All at once she shut up her book and got up and went away.

He sat up suddenly, wakened. One opportunity gone of making himself one with the people. Half his first day gone, one-sixth of his whole haymaking, and nothing accomplished at all.

Once or twice during the afternoon he saw the little girl in the velveteen bodice helping her and showing her how to use her pitch-fork. Pretty and stupid, then. And he himself by-and-by, having conquered his own difficulties, came over and helped her in an unobtrusive sort of way, telling himself it was because she was in disgrace with the other villagers.

And he and the little velveteen girl got quite friendly in a wordless way, doing up the little bits she had left and hovering round to protect and help her. The size of her sun-bonnet no doubt prevented her from knowing this, for she appeared to take no notice.

At last, when Lake looked up from doing over a large piece of her work, she had disappeared. He worked on, but the little velveteen girl and he both tacitly admitted that there was no longer any object in laboring. She went over to the other side of the field and talked to a woman, leaning on her pitchfork.

Lake looked down to the bottom of the field where the trees grew towards each other and a stream of water ran. As he looked he found himself drawing nearer and nearer.

He heard the water softly gurgling. He plunged down to the brook, and so ended his first day's hay-making. It was a failure, he owned to himself, undeniably a failure.

They had not welcomed him, they had not shown themselves to him, and he had not had the courage to force himself among them.

He lay long and lamented this in his gentle poetic way, feeling a great deal more the greenness and stillness of the place, till at last the notion gradually came to him that he was not alone. He looked round. A pair of eyes was pleading with him from behind a sunbonnet from out of the bushes. He sprang up to ask what it was she wanted of him, and he saw that he had flung himself down, clumsy brute, on her shoes and stockings. She had come down to cool her feet an instant in the water, and he had kept her fluttering and trembling and longing for him to go away that she might get her shoes and stockings. He noted that they were sandals, beautiful leather sandals, such as poor ladies make and women of his own class wear. Some lady at one of the big houses must have made a favorite of her. She took them without a word, but he felt himself thanked, since she looked at him. Somehow the notion of her being in disgrace went out of his head forever. It was because she was so far above the others that they were shy of her. She went away, and he lay down again, choosing the exact spot where the sandals had lain, and wondered about her father and mother, and about her home, and her religious beliefs, and what she had thought at her confirmation. He made it all up, and knew her quite well although they had never given each other a word. Then the bushes rustled, and he sprang up as she came by on her way home. He lifted his so-carefully chosen hat. He wanted to talk to her, but he could think of nothing to say. She passed on.

"Thank you. Good-night," she said, and was gone.

He threw himself down again.

"Thank you. Good-night."

That was all, but it went on echoing sweetly in his brain in a kind of tune. The birds began to sing again after the heat of the day, and the grasses stirred gently in a sudden little breeze, and the brook rippled on, gurgling gently as it went.

"Thank you. Good-night."

Next day he was there betimes, with a lingering sense of wrong that that cold-blooded fellow, Benham, had tried to get out of him last night as they smoked an account of his day's adventures. She was not there, so he improved the time by giving tobacco to the man next him, the man who had taken him for a broken-down gent. At the first whiff he looked at Lake and winked.

"You'll be having friends at some of the big houses, I reckon?"

"And if I have?" demanded Lake with as rough an accent as he could manage, afraid he had been found out.

"You're a lucky one, that's all?" said the man, and moved on, ecstatically sucking the heavenly pipe.

A minute later it struck Lake that he was supposed to have had the tobacco from a servant who had stolen it from his master. Was this the sturdy, real snuff he had longed to find? He had dreampt of sterling virtues, of ripe, stored-up wisdom and the self-denial we exact only from the poor. And they envied servants and the friends of flunkeys, and winked at small thefts!

Again the sun poured down, but to-day he did not happen to remember the Sicilian peasants. He worked on, while the idea grew in his head that the real things were not quite what he had pictured them. For instance, to toil in the broiling sun and not to be able to leave off was strange to the man who had always had an easy life whenever he had wanted it.

And then the simplicity of idea and sentiment he had expected from these people, where was it? What he caught of their talk occasionally made him shudder. He noticed, too, that there was no respect paid to the women.

And the women did not expect it, were quite content with what they got; that was the horrible part of it to him. He despised himself for it, but he could not deny that to-day the natural life seemed rather less worth cultivating than yesterday.

Even as he thought this, he found himself looking round the field for her. But she was not there, and she did not come. Dinner-time was a desert to him. He had counted far more than he knew on seeing the face under that sun-bonnet again.

Suddenly, looking up, he saw her. She sat by the side of the water, and leaned against an upright rock. He raised his hat.

"I thought you were not here to-day?" his tongue stumbled in its eagerness.

"I am working in another field."

The beauty of her voice did not strike him apart from her other beauties. It was all one perfect whole.

"Why?"

She did not answer.

It was her not answering that wrought more upon him than anything she could have said.

"Forgive me," he said humbly. "I had no right."

She lifted her eyes and smiled a little. Lake's head swam. The long hot morning of toiling and watching for her—and now to find her here in this place! To find her, the perfection of simple reality he sought!

With the sharpness of an arrow the intuition came to him that her smile was just indulgent amusement, the sort of smile one gives to an ingenious little toy, the plan of whose little being one sees through at a glance. Her truth had pierced his untruth, and she set him aside as artifical, an unreal thing, something the natural would not own.

What he would have said or done he did not know, only that it must be something separate and real, but she got up.

"I think it is time to go back," she said.

He knew that she did not wish him to follow her. He watched her away, and threw himself on the ground in a passion of self-contempt.

You might have argued the point for hours with Lake, as, indeed, Benham had done, without moving him an inch, while one dart of genuine emotion would convince him in an instant. A girl's clear eyes had turned into childish folly what he had thought a master-stroke of ingenuity. How could he expect to meet the real selves of other people unless he came as his real self to them!

With a sorry heart he got up and went back to his work, went back and stuck to it for two whole hot hours, for he was proud and would not allow himself to give in. Then a great longing to see her again overcame him, so that even pride was nothing in comparison with it, and he went and found a place where he could lie hidden in the hedge of her field. She moved along the lines of hay, turning it.

He saw every beautiful gracious movement of her arms, her body, and her head, and verses sprang into his soul. He knew that the body expresses the spirit. He saw that she was gracious, simple and true.

He said to himself: "What are introductions, what is knowing a person for weeks, what is knowing a person's name? I love her." It came to that at last, that he put it in words and said it with a defiant trembling to himself. But then, you must remember, he was a poet.

Slowly she came nearer and nearer. He was in an ecstasy. She was quite close. She looked up, and straight into his hungry eyes. He saw her cheeks flush, and her head turn away. He could not speak, and her work carried her away again. She did not come near after that, though he sat and watched her all the time, and it was when the day's work was over that he spoke to her again. She was leaning her arm on the top bar of the gate leading into the road, resting her head on her hand and looking into the deep wood opposite. She thought everyone had gone.

Again he stood before her, hat in hand. He had planned many speeches of explanation of himself and his conduct, but as he looked at her they all flew out of his head, and he could only stammer, like a callow youth in his first passion:

"Shall you be here to-morrow?"

"No."

It was not sunset yet, but it seemed to Lake that the light went out. Then he remembered the ball to-morrow night, and that it was a tenant's ball.

"Are you by any chance going to the ball?"

She looked swiftly at him an instant. "Yes."

The light came on again, and after a few moments he said, "I am going too."

"Are you?" she said very quietly, and it did not strike him that it ought to have seemed queer to her that an occasional odd man should go. But then, nothing could have seemed strange to him that moment. He was in such a wild tangle of occasional man, poet, lover and mountebank as could be untangled, so that the more a thing was unlikely, the more it would have seemed natural to him.

"I shall see you at night then?"

"Yes."

"Will—will you give me a dance?"

No answer.

"I know I have no right to ask, but I shall hope for it as reverently as a sinner hopes for heaven. You will?"

He hardly breathed as he waited. Her face was turned away. He longed to see it.

"If you ask me when we are there, I will," she said at last, and took down her arm from the gate.

"Of course I shall ask you!" he returned hotly.

She said nothing, and so inflamed him more. Her silence lifted her above him, miles, and he hardly dared to look at her.

Then she said good-night in such a way that though it was the wish of his heart he durst not pray to walk by her side. But he followed a long way off, hiding behind hedges and slipping hastily behind trees when she chanced to look round, until he saw her vanish in a farmhouse.

He snuffed up the sweet smell of the cows, of the flowers in the garden; even the scent of the honeysuckle over the porch came to him in the still evening air. It was a fitting home for her, he thought, and he hung there a long time, making wood pictures of her.

He had said he would go to the haymaking for three days, so, for the sake of his own inner judge, and Benham, next day he put on again the clothes he hated now and went away to work. The whole day was one long thought of her.

Afterwards, he did not remember speaking to anyone or that anyone spoke to him from morning to evening. His general desire to be one with the people at large had circled and settled down to one particular point.

Sometimes he called up every look and word and movement of her; sometimes he followed on into the future and thought of dancing with her to-night. And he had never even touched her hand. He forgot all about keeping up his character with the haymakers, and when he got his money at night he gave it straight away to a man who seemed weak and ill, which entirely stripped off any little shred of disguise that might still cling about him.

Then he went home still in his dreams to dress. Benham greeted him with sarcastic remarks about his whim. He did not even hear him.

Midway through his dressing a horrid thought came to him. It was after he had had a bath and got into fine linen again and was once more what we arbitrarily call a gentleman.

To every action there corresponds an equal and opposite reaction. With all the fervor of his soul he had swung one way. And now——

A remark of Benham's had rung senselessly in his head for the last half hour, though when Benham had made it it had seemed absurdly irrelevant and unconnected with him: "I suppose one will have to dance with the village girls and the housemaids."

His eye took in the fineness of his coat-sleeve, and he wondered what she would wear. Would it be something hideously wrong and painful? If only she could come in her flowered cotton and her sunbonnet!

"The village girls—and the housemaids."

It had a horrid taste. Were they on the same level? Then he angrily asked him what had levels to do with him who did not believe in class and class. Then came an uncalled-for picture of himself dancing with her in a merino dress. He shut out the picture. But it was the instinct of his class asserting itself.

And—could she dance? He even began, against his will, to wonder about her speech, and remembered she had hardly spoken. No doubt it had seemed so sweet and pure because it was in its own place, in the sunlight and open air of the sweet green world.

He was an artist, and he knew that fitness must go to beauty. He could hardly believe, in another half-hour, that in a ball-room she would still charm him.

There was no doubt the position would be exactly reversed. Yesterday she had been in harmony with her surroundings, she had been herself, and he an artificial, unreal thing, so of course the true had gone to the top and the false to the bottom.

To-night he would be in his own world, in his own place, while she would be the one who did not belong to the surroundings. It would be for her to feel herself the unowned thing. Though there was a voice crying out for her in his heart, he could not deny the truth of that.

There rose up again the picture of him with his arm round her merino waist, of her not knowing the step, of her stumbling, of the hideous inartistic whole thing.

"I will, if you ask me when we are there." It had been a prophecy. All the poetry of his nature which had rushed out to her in the hay-field drew him shuddering from her now.

There rushed into his mind all his friends who would be there. "I never knew I was a snob!" he groaned aloud in anguish real enough to have pleased him if he had not been past pleasing with anything.

"Eh? What, Bede?" said irreverently Benham, who had come in and sat smoking his pipe and watching him. He had got into the habit of coming in and watching the graceful Saint, sitting there and looking at him without a word.

Lake grew worse, and hated and despised himself more as time drew on. He went into that ball-room a wretched man, longing to see her, dreading to see her.

He looked fearfully at every girl whose garments proclaimed her of the people. She was not there. There was one radiant being, whose back and hair and dress he saw and saw often.

He heard this was the Lady Cicely he had been so anxious to meet, and he refused to be introduced to her. Saint Bede had always done odd things, and though this was quite the oddest he had ever done it was forgiven him.

He went about and made engagements with the girls he knew, and danced the first three or four dances. He saw Benham philosophically dancing with the village girls and the housemaids. He wondered did he talk to them of dusting or—or haymaking?

The thought that Benham might dance with her brought drops out on his forehead. As he noticed the dainty dresses and shoes and gloves of his partners, he got a dread of a sweet face above a cheap muslin, or, Heaven! a stuff dress of villainous cut, smiling at him, of her showing—— For, after the way he had looked and spoken yesterday, she might truly expect——

Would she claim him? He killed the snobbish thought. It rose again. He hated himself—he despised himself, yet he started when he saw a cheek like hers in the crowd of heads as he walked about with the elegant hand of an elegant girl on his arm.

All at once a change came.

The glimpse he had had was lovely. His heart beat true suddenly. What did all those people matter? What did anything but truth and simplicity matter? He must find her! It could not have been she! It must!

For the fifth dance he was not engaged, and he watched every couple that was dancing, shuddering once or twice at a coarse laugh or an impossible shoe or a dress. Each time it was not she. He went through every room without finding her. At last he longed with an unconquerable longing to find her.

He went out into the garden, where the moonlight was beginning to filter through the soft summer twilight; here, out of the artificial gaslight and glitter, her image shone clearer and fairer before him. The fever of misery he had been through was gone. He only wanted her. How could he have wronged her so? How could her beautiful truth do anything but speak and move and look perfectly?

The music got fainter and fainter as he wandered away. The ball itself and those awful two hours before it began to seem like a dream he had dreamt. He had got back into the hayfield and pure nature.

The moon went behind a cloud, and he had almost to feel his way down the dark avenue; suddenly he came on an open place where there was a cool plashing of water, and he dimly made out a fountain in the midst with something white beside it. He knew nothing in between leaving the shadow of the trees and looking into the face above the whiteness of her neck and dress. The moon bounded out of the clouds.

"You!" he cried, and could say no more.

She only smiled.

Then, in the confusion of his joy and shame, he stammered:

"You—said you would if I asked you when we were here. Will you?"

As she moved he saw the flash of diamonds on her neck. In a mist of wonder and bewilderment and longing he gazed.

"Will I what?"

At the beauty of her voice shame wrung his heart. He was forced to drop his eyes before her.

"I dare not ask you," he said humbly; "but you said you would give me a dance——"

"Lady Cicely—Lady Cicely!" came a voice from under the trees.

"They are calling me," she said, and took his breath away by putting her hand in his arm. "Take me indoors."

He did not stir. "Will you?" he breathed.

"Yes," and she laughed softly up at him. "I will do more. I will sit out one with you. We have a great deal to explain to each other?"

And as he stood and looked into her eyes the knowledge rushed through him that the time had come to him at last which he laughingly said to Benham he prayed for daily, the time when he should make up his mind and never change it.

He lifted her hand and bent his head and kissed it.

FAMILY LIFE.—Family life sustains national life—that is, by lightening the duties that would otherwise fall heavily upon the state. No one can compute the degree to which the family circle, with its ever-pervading influence, anticipates wants, prevents crime, promotes industry and independence, and thus holds back many of the burdens that would otherwise be borne by the state. It is safe to say that there would be a tenfold necessity for laws and penalties all through the country were it not for the controlling and guiding influence of the home.

Scientific and Useful.

A NEW CAB.—A cab, shaped like a bath tub, in which the passengers either sit or recline as if in a bed, is in use in Berlin. It has three wheels, and is propelled by a naphtha motor.

STONE SOLES.—A German inventor has hit upon a method of putting stone soles on boots and shoes. He mixes a waterproof glue with a suitable quantity of clean quartz sand and spreads it over the leather sole used as a foundation. These quartz soles are said to be very flexible and practically indestructible.

OIL BURNERS.—Oil burners on a system invented by an engineer named Cuniberti have been put into all the new Italian warships, and have also been adopted by the German Government. The fuel used is not crude petroleum, but petroleum and residuum, which is more economical, and has the advantage of not producing smoke when burnt. The British admiralty is about to experiment with liquid fuel on the new fast cruiser Gladiator.

GLASS.—Professor Austin, of the Royal British Mint, has recently made some electrolytic experiments showing that glass is porous to molecules below a certain weight and volume. A current was passed through a vessel containing an amalgam of sodium separated by a glass partition from mercury. After a while the amalgam was found to have lost a certain amount of its weight, while the same amount had been added to the mercury. The same result was obtained with an amalgam of lithium, but with potassium, whose atomic weight and volume are high, the glass could not be penetrated.

LEAKS.—An ingenious method of indicating and stopping a leak by the use of compressed air, has been devised by an inventor. By this method the ship is divided into airtight compartments, fitted with doors provided with packing material and connected by tubes with a room on deck called the "switch room." There is a junction chest in this room supplied with compressed air from fixed or portable compressors, and so arranged that the air can be delivered to any of the compartments. Other tubes lead from the compartment, from which water can be forced out when required, and for the purpose of indicating the accumulation of water in any of the compartments electric indicators are also connected with the switch room.

Farm and Garden.

WOOL.—Shepherds say that the wool of sheep furnishes an excellent indication of weather changes. When it is crisp there will be no rain. When it is limp and feels very soft to the touch a storm is imminent.

POTASH.—Somebody who has tried recommends putting pulverized potash, which becomes sticky when exposed to the air, in all the rat holes about the house. The special detestation of a rat is anything which will stick to his silky coat.

FRUIT.—It is excellent advice to suggest that farmers grow more fruit, but there are fruitgrowers who would do well to grow something else than fruit, if it can be done, as the drought, frosts, excessive rains, etc., may be unfavorable to certain crops without damaging others. Diversified farming is the surest mode of reaching success.

PLOWING.—When the land is plowed to a great depth the air, moisture and heat enter, and the crop is advanced more rapidly than when only the surface soil is loosened. With good drainage to carry off the moisture in excess the soil not only absorbs warmth, but retains it. With too much moisture there is constant evaporation, which causes a loss of warmth.

FEEDING.—It does not pay to feed too much corn to sheep. Some of the sheepmen of Michigan are reported to have made this mistake the past winter. Having a large quantity on hand they feed it out freely to sheep, giving them in addition little beside straw. The digestive system of the sheep were deranged to such an extent that the mortality in the stock was great.

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ISSUED WEEKLY AT 725 SANSOM ST.

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 20, 1896.

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Some Dislikes.

No one can have observed character closely without feeling that some of the best of men lose a great deal of their influence by being antipathetic, uncomfortable, annoying and provocative. It requires a fine Christian charity to bear with them, even when they are engaged in their most virtuous work. If they are not hated—and often they are—they are instinctively felt to be disagreeable people.

No doubt a good deal of this involuntary criticism is due to the expectation that such people will be much better than the average sinner. The contrast between their principles and ideals, on the one hand, and their everyday behavior to those who are brought into personal relations with them, on the other hand, is always in mind. Then, too, they suffer from the common tendency of men to quarrel most with people who differ from them least. Those who are at opposite poles of thought meet each other with marked respect, and the courtesies of debate, if they fight at all, are strictly regarded; whereas our friend who is a little unsound is put into his right place with a jerk that would be suitable for restoring a dislocated limb to its socket.

Allowing however for these tendencies towards judging the good sharply, and towards seeing most quickly the faults that are near and are not very serious departures from the right road, it must still be admitted that there is a very great drawback in the deserved unpopularity of many of the good, and so it may be useful to think further about the matter.

We may observe in passing that the dictum of the garrulous writer which we here quote: that goodness would win all along the line if it were not for the good, requires considerable modification. While it is true that no influence has in the end the same power as true goodness, even perfection can never win quite all along the line.

There are evil natures that are instinctively antagonistic to the most perfect men and women—antagonistic to them in proportion to their perfection. The pattern of all goodness was crucified exultingly, although no fault was found in Him; and to the end we may expect a residuum of foul hatred of what is pure and beautiful in the hearts of a murderous few.

Still, goodness wins its way with normal natures as nothing else can. One pities the people who have never known sweet and kindly souls who, without fuss or self-consciousness, have spent their days in ministering to others—women who are always on the side of tenderness and generosity, and yet who are not foolish and gullible; men who are never found doing harm to their fellows, even in the expression of an opinion, who instinctively take the wise and conciliatory part, and, if they fail, are not embittered—just, pure-hearted, tolerant men, always ready to make large allowances for average human nature—men who hold the balance of both thought and feeling evenly, and yet are not cold and precise, who are tender without weakness, sturdy without harshness, earnest without narrowness, and broad without indefiniteness.

There are such people, and in the end they win almost all along the line, though not quite, for always they have against them the residuum of unconquerable evil. The fact that there are such people as these, whom we all recognize as living embodiments of goodness, brings into sharper relief the weakness of good people who are not liked.

The general fault observable in most of the good people who are not liked is a narrowness of mind, with a retinue of weaknesses in its wake. They hold so exactly and sternly all their beliefs, within so clearly marked a circumference of opinion, that wickedness lies on the other side of the line. Truth is quite plain to them, and they do not see why it should not be as easily grasped by everybody else. They are perfectly satisfied that they understand all about it; they see no reason for hesitation or limitations or tender treatment of hazy error.

To be different from them is to be in some sense an opponent, and to be an opponent is to be in a very serious condition. This frame of mind leads naturally to severity of judgment, austerity of behavior, and quickness and certainty in moral disapprobation. It increases immensely the number of faults to which mankind is prone, and it would be a paltering with truth to look upon faults as trivial.

So people who are brought into contact with the rigidly virtuous find themselves constantly on the strain, unless they are content to feel without resentment that they are under the disapproving eyes of observing and relentless Judges. The fatal objection to this exacting goodness is that those who suffer from it are convinced that these good men are not the best of men, have not a plethora of virtue, but, on the contrary, are lacking in many qualities that, under a broader view, are not of secondary importance.

Puritanism has done noble deeds. Its stern spirit, acting in the days before men had come to see, in this country, that joy and relaxation and the artistic are just as truly a good part of life as the earnest and forceful and sober, was a great spur to men, and made them splendid horses; but even then, when life was sterner, joyless, and fanatical, the spirit that we are describing could not have been really popular, and now it is obviously out of date, and men will not concede its rigid demands.

One of the weaknesses of the good people who are not liked is that they are always putting other folk right. Now goodness should shine with its own light before men naturally; it should be a pervading influence. There is no need for it to be thrust into people's faces, or to be used after the fashion of the cynic's lantern—to find an honest man. The goodness that discounts itself—and that we are rather ruefully considering—is very similar to the energy of the obtrusive housewife, who is always polishing something, or having a grand laundry junketing in the back premises, which steams the whole house, or "turning out" some of the rooms, and whose halls and carpets and household effects are so clean, except when they are in the disorder of being cleansed anew, that nobody dares to have the proper use of them. Such women are no doubt splendid housewives; but there is a hardness and a want of relish in our admiration of them.

Perhaps in the next house you will never see cleaning going on, and yet it will be clean; and it will be homely and restful—a place for use—and, filling it with an abiding satisfaction, though without obtrusiveness, there will be a womanly presence. Is there not in this contrast a true similitude of the goodness that flouts and buffets you into recognizing it, and the goodness that grows upon you like the dawning light or the sense of spring?

We are not arguing that goodness, if it is to be liked, must be silky and accommodating. No small part of the goodness that is most universally admired and loved is strong, inflexible, even rugged and gnarled. But it is not aggressively worrying. A man may be silent, independent, self-contained, and yet be popular, because it is known that beneath an unattractive appearance there is sterling worth. His unsocial qualities are kept in the background, because he is not fussy. It is not easy to decide whether it is better for well-meaning people who are trying to do good to be self-conscious and introspective or not.

But some there are who, meaning well, would come far nearer realizing their hopes and ideals if they would ask themselves whether by their manner, by their fussy interference, or their hard exacting virtue, or their austere disregard of the feelings of others, they are not driving people into an antagonistic frame of mind towards the goodness they hope to recommend. The good man who is not liked may be sure that somewhere in his character there is a hidden mistakes.

CHILDREN are often trained to expect only an unbroken series of enjoyments, and to feel defrauded and astonished when anything unpleasant interferes with their pleasures. Thus they grow up quite unable to bear the inevitable burdens of life or to cope with its ills. All power comes by exercise, and the power of endurance is no exception. To learn to endure bravely, to bear patiently, to suffer, if need be, heroically, is one of the most important parts of a youth's education.

HEALTH is the one thing needful; therefore no pains, expense, self-denial, or restraint to which we submit for the sake of it is too great. Whether it requires us to relinquish lucrative situations, to abstain from favorite indulgences, to control intemperate passions, or undergo tedious regimens—whatever difficulties it lays us under, a man who pursues his happiness rationally and resolutely will be content to submit.

WHEN a man thinks that nobody cares for him, and that he is alone in a cold selfish world, he would do well to ask himself this question, "What have I done to make any one care for and love me, and to warn the world with faith and generosity?" It is generally the case that those who complain the most have done the least.

THE most precious of all possessions is power over ourselves—power to withstand trial, to bear suffering, to front danger; power over pleasure and pain; power to follow our convictions, however resisted by menace and scorn; the power of calm reliance in scenes of darkness and storm.

THE consciousness of work well done increases self-respect, stimulates the energies, elevates the aims, and exalts the character of the worker. While he is striving to accomplish some good in the world, a reactive good is entering into his own life and being.

DUTY stands for the most part close at hand, unobscured, simple, immediate. If any man has the will to hear her voice, to him is she willing to enter and to be his ready guest.

THE true way to gain influence over our fellow-men is to have charity towards them. A kind act never stops paying rich dividends.

THE timid man is alarmed before the danger, the coward during it, and the brave man after it.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

C. S. S.—The nations that Paraguay was at war with from 1865 to 1870 were Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and Uruguay. Lopez, who was the Dictator of Paraguay, provoked the war, which was ended by his death in battle, March 1, 1870.

LITTLE.—The Suez Canal is about 100 miles long, of which 75 miles are actual canal, while for 25 miles it passes through lakes, a portion of which afforded water of sufficient depth, but the greater part of which required excavating. The width, except at those places where it runs through high ground, is 325 feet at the surface, and 72 feet at the bottom, and the depth 26 feet. Where it runs through high ground the width is 195 feet at the surface.

SUFFERER.—There is no cure—seasickness defies all the medical skill in the world. A great deal depends on temperament; some persons are never seasick, others only under certain conditions. But a resolution to master the malady has a great deal to do with its cure; it is so difficult to make the effort to get up after a prolonged spell of the horrible nausea, that many people yield themselves a prey to it, and never manage to shake it off.

P. L. H.—Asbestos is not affected by fire at any ordinary temperature; it is impervious to acids, and is not affected by weather. It is quarried much as is marble, and is easily separated into exquisitely soft fibres, often fine enough to float upon water. As it comes from the mine, however, it is like stone. Asbestos is some mysterious form of hornblende, although it is sometimes known as chrysolite, especially that coming from Canada. Charlemagne is credited with once having a tablecloth woven of asbestos. He used to astonish his guests after dinner by gathering it up and throwing it into the fire, from whence he drew it, cleansed of gravy and other grease.

MINNIE K.—There is a special furnace of trial for the very best intentioned among us; and that man or woman is the best philosopher who can go through it with resignation. None of us can avoid the "whips and scorns of fortune;" and as it is our duty to attempt to overcome them, we should rather expect them than be disappointed when they do come. You are afflicted with a petulance at not being married, because you are poor, as if you were the only young person of the mature age of twenty-two that was so situated! You must bear your cross with a little humility, or you will lose your temper and spoil your beauty, and so indefinitely postpone the realization of your wish. Instead of pining and fretting, it would be better to consider the delay in the change of your condition as happening for your ultimate good. You must consider yourself on your trial, and that all unseemly impatience will only tend to prolong it.

S. M.—The celebrated Laura Bridgman, a blind deaf mute, was born at Hanover, New Hampshire, on December 27, 1829. She possessed all her faculties up to the age of two years, but at that time sickness attacked her, and she lost her sight, speech, and hearing, and even her senses of smell became impaired. Her health gradually returned to her, but she never regained her lost senses. She became an inmate, at the age of eight, of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, under the care of Dr. S. G. Howe, who devoted himself to her education. She was first taught the names of objects by putting a spoon or fork, or some other familiar object in her hand, with its name in raised letters. She was then furnished with type and a board which had been pierced with holes for the reception of the type. Objects known to her were then presented, and she would compose the names with the type. She was next taught to write, and she subsequently acquired the rudiments of arithmetic, and took lessons on the piano, on which she became a skilful performer. She also learned to make her own clothing, and to run a sewing machine. She was never happier than when she could find some person who knew the finger alphabet and could converse with her on subjects on which she was most interested.

DEBATE.—Is ambition extinguished by marriage and "settling down"? No doubt the oft-quoted saying by Bacon, "He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune," embodies a truth that properly makes the man who has settled down very cautious in changing his manner of earning a living; but the pressure of family responsibilities often drives men to exert themselves far more than in their younger days; and that exertion may, as you say, lead to the discovery of powers and aptitudes before unsuspected by themselves. Whether a man gains or loses ambition after marriage often depends, to a considerable extent, upon his wife. She may help him to enlarge his life, to seize opportunities, and to fit himself for fresh duties where, had he been alone, sluggishness and its plentiful excuses would have been his bane. While there are a few men who are fired to effort by the often misdirected dreams of youth, the number who have been urged along by necessity or by the gentle pressure of the good opinion of those around them is much greater. Marriage undoubtedly does tend to the "lopping off" of a too luxurious ambition; but in place of that does it not frequently give rise to a modest but effective desire to get on, which in the end will probably carry a man further than he could ever hope to have been hurried by the glowing impulses of youth? We should decidedly say that the balance of the evidence is in favor of ambition running more strongly in married than in single life.

GOOD TEMPER.

BY C. S.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
  Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,
  Or thousands gained a year;
It lends the day a new delight;
  'Tis virtue's fairest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night
  Than all the stars may yield.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud
  When threatening storm begins—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
  That still its sweet way wins—
As springs an arch across the tide
  Where waves conflicting foam,
So comes the seraph to our side,
  This angel of our home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
  With power unheard before—
This charm, this bright divinity?
  Good temper—nothing more!
Good temper!—'tis the choicest gift
  That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
  To bliss unknown to kings.

The Dead Secret.

BY E. Y.

"WHEN I get to the next stile I shall rest," I assured myself, for I had been on the tramp all day through the hills and dales of Derbyshire, and now, tired, hot, and dusty, felt disinclined for much more walking.

My pitching on this Midland county for my holiday tour had been rather a sudden fancy, but, on spreading out my much-used map, I found amidst all the red-marked patches of acquaintanceship one Midland county shown out in simple white, and though there were many other spaces yet to fill up, this Derbyshire land persistently asserted itself in such an aggressive fashion that, turn away from it as much as I could, it would not be ignored.

At last, with rather a strong impression, I threw all my guide books in a heap, packed a knapsack with necessaries and a valise with extras, and took the night mail for Derby.

This was ten days ago, and now my furlough was nearly over. In one week's time I should be on my way to India and work, and it would probably be many years before I could visit old England again.

Of farewells I had none to say, the few relations I had were scattered to the four quarters of the world, and my friends were far too numerous for me to go the round of them, neither would they expect it from previous experience of their old comrade the Rover.

The flies were very teasing, utterly useless to shake one's head nearly off, wave at them with hat and hands—hum—buzz—sting, they were on one again, nipping and pinching at their very good pleasure.

At last that long hoped-for stile appeared beside me, and with a satisfied yawn I threw myself on to it.

Then just below me, nestled against the hill-side, I saw a little greystone church. Inside, should the door be open, it would at least be shady, and I felt nearly broiled.

So down I went.

A quaint old Norman arch with stone seats was the nearest entrance, and such a delicious coolness filled the tiny building that with a great feeling of contentment I thankfully sank down on one of the open seats, and stretched out my tired limbs.

Surely in former holidays I had done much more with less fatigue, maybe the long hot years spent in India had weakened my muscles and tried my sinews.

You will remember of old, a more matter-of-fact fellow than myself didn't breathe. Jokes were always an abhorrence to me. I never could see the points of them, and as for light literature so called, one novel was all I ever managed in that line, and I fell asleep over that more times than I care to say—all this by the way.

Presently I glanced round the simple building, and soon found, from the various monuments around, it was far older than I had fancied at first.

One old tomb struck me very much, it was so very carefully carved, and through Time's touches had long since softened the sharp edges and crumbled the figures and letters more than a little, it yet had a power and life of its own that would never be lost.

Only the old favorite style of its generation. The father and one son kneeling on one side of an oaken coffer, the mother and four daughters facing them on the other side.

The wife must have been a handsome woman if she resembled her stony likeness, and it was no doll prettiness, but a woman of will and power, whose effigy with tightly clasped hands knelt there. Her husband it was plain had been of a rougher, ruder mould, a bluff old English gentleman.

I got up from my seat and went nearer to look closer at the group and inspection. All the names and dates were filled in, with the exception that no date came after the son's name—the blank space remained.

I went back to my former position and sat down for yet a few more minutes' rest, and then a strange thing happened—the kneeling lady rose swiftly from beside the coffer, and fell almost prostrate at my feet with her thin hands raised in piteous prayer, and heavy tears trickling down the saddest face I ever saw. I rubbed my eyes to clear my vision, and with a start jumped up from what I suppose you will call a doze. I think otherwise, but that matters not.

The lady in stone looked quite a fixture on the tomb again, as my last glance fell on her, and finding by the lengthening shadows my rest must have been longer than I had thought, I put on a spurt, and tramped onwards to my next sleeping place an old-fashioned inn.

Over my bread and cheese I asked the landlady about the quaint carved tomb I had so lately seen.

She told me that long ago the family had been of some importance, and that the old squire had himself carved the tomb, and filled in all the names, leaving only the dates of death to be added.

The family heritage was an awful temper—"passionate" would not describe it—it was a fierce unbridled rage, dreadful to witness. When first the squire's wife came to the Manor her grief and fright had been so apparent, that for love of her, her husband did try to curb his fearful temper, but of what use then? As well try to check the mountain torrent on its rapid downward rush, as in full-grown manhood alter the whole habit of a lifetime.

Soon the restraint was forgotten, and though custom and use never became second nature to the poor lady, doubtless she soon knew that whilst the fierce rage lasted, she was powerless to interfere.

Two of the daughters died as children, the others fought and quarreled from childhood into youth, and then another black drop filled poor madam's cup—husband and son disputed so fiercely together that often they came to blows, and once or twice indeed, it was said, that but for the poor mother throwing herself between them in their mad fury, bloodshed would have resulted.

Then one night there was an awful uproar, and when it at last died away, father and son rode off from the old manor, and the mother was left weeping on her knees.

Days passed, and when with a heavy frown, and in a savage humor, Squire Malcolm returned alone, the servants began to whisper they had but gone away to finish their quarrel elsewhere—doubtless Master Hugh had been silenced, perhaps for ever, and none would know where his poor bones were hidden secretly away.

My landlady paused to notice if I appeared to take a proper interest in her bygone tale, and finding I waited for more she went on.

Shortly after Hugh Malcolm departed, the tomb in the church was put up, the squire carefully choosing a suitable place, not too high up, he said, for folks to admire his work; and though one or two suggested it was a creepy notion to have it put up when he was alive, he utterly pooh pooh'd the idea, and said all family stones and tablets had spaces left on them for the survivors, and the names being properly filled in would hasten no one's death.

The two surviving daughters married and left the old place. Time passed on, the parents were getting well on in years, when one day the old squire broke his neck in the hunting field, and the shock of seeing him brought home lifeless was too much for Dame Anne, she fell senseless to the ground, and the doctors said, though she might probably live some years, she would never speak or walk again.

Over and over she tried to ask for something, and pointed always in the direction of the church. One day, when she seemed rather better, they carried her down into the building and harder than ever the poor soul tried with her helpless fingers to show them what she wanted.

The disappointment of failure brought on a second and worse attack, and before a week ended, she passed away from this earth. The daughters could throw no light on the son's whereabouts—they almost inclined to the popular idea that he had come by his end unfairly.

For the time being the property was divided amongst them, though neither cared to reside in the old home, which was accordingly shut up as it still remained, Mrs. Lennox said, up to the present time, and was now known far and wide as the Haunted House.

At the present time a descendant of one of the daughters was sole owner, and said to be in a bad state of health."

The old house was going to rack and ruin and there were many that declared they had seen a white figure glide swiftly down to the church and pass into the old building; some said even, that on entering in the quiet evening a kneeling form with upraised hands caught their gaze just where madam's chair had rested on her last sad visit.

No news of the absent son's life or death had been received.

The longest lane has a turn, and so the queerest tale sometimes ends, and stifling a yawn, I thanked Mrs. Lennox for her entertainment and went out for a smoke.

It was a frying night, impossible to sleep, and if I dozed off for a minute, kneeling figures in long processions passed and repassed in countless numbers.

Wishing to goodness I had never rested in that queer old church, and caring very little I fear for what remained untold of that unfinished tale, in despair at last I dressed and went out for an early stroll, and on my return decided I could fill my foreign letter well to you, Alexander, with all this rubbish, then it will be off my mind, and I'll post it at Derby before Thursday. Heigh-ho! how the time goes, my holiday is all but over.

* * * * * *

In other lands for many years I toiled away, and now again I am on the eve of departure once and for ever from India's burning suns.

I have come in for a legacy too—supplementing my retiring pension; not much in the way of money, the lawyer says, but an old house and a good bit of land, splendidly situated in a most healthy part. I think the latter said Staffordshire, but I can't find it anywhere, and haven't time to hunt round.

On my return I shall go and have a good prowl by myself, without any blue bags dancing attendance.

* * * * * *

What a bore it should have come on wet, to be sure, just when I wish to admire my new property; old Wigs did look surprised when I marched in on him this morning and asked for particulars of my rural cottage.

"A mansion, my dear sir, and on a large scale, and the land all round very rich."

"Then I suppose it brings in a good bit, as I conclude it is let, or did my very distant cousin live there herself?"

"No one lived there for ages, and then a farmer consented to on condition of paying really a peppercorn rent, and having all the land at $2 an acre, instead of the proper rate, $10. He uses some of the rooms, but the whole place is in the last stage of decay. However, my dear sir, you'll soon see for yourself."

"Supposing I wish to live there, will there be any bother?"

A queer smile showed for a minute on the learned gentleman's face, as he gravely assured me should I wish to take up my residence at Wynadotte Hall, no one would hinder me.

I certainly forgot to ask him why my valuable property had got into such evil repute, but that I can soon find out, and here we are, I do believe.

* * * * * *

Five hours later!

Well, this is a rum start; let me just get it down straight, for I seem plumped into a dream of the past.

When I left the station that old Chips told me this was the nearest to Wynadotte Hall, I found of course nothing in the shape of a conveyance going my way, but as the rain was only then a drizzle I started off quite cheerfully. The first check I got was on asking my road to the Hall.

The fellow looked at me, took off his hat, scratched his head to awaken his brain, and at last directed me to the Haunted House. No one knew it by any other name, said he with a fine air of scorn.

At last the outbuildings came into view, extensive, solid, and in good repair, and then the house itself, standing back from the road, with a large courtyard in front, and handsome wrought-iron gates. The courtyard was nothing but an expanse of common rank grass, the gates were broken and rusted, with railings missing all along.

Then the house itself gave me an unpleasant shock, with windows blocked up everywhere, and woodwork on doors and frames equally innocent of paint.

I entered by an unlatched door in the lower part of the house, at the side, and saw at once that lawyer fellow was right, when he said it was indeed a mansion.

A wide elm staircase with slender spiral supports went right up to the top of the house, with large landings and archways on each floor. An iron pillar propped the most worn steps, dark with age. The banqueting hall opened straight to the great door leading I presume down to some steps into the overgrown courtyard.

Many of the rooms were in twilight from the darkened windows, and only one here and there out of the whole fifty-two let in heaven's light and air.

Old faded tapestry in tatters and strips hung still in some of the rooms, but holes in the floors, great gaps in the walls, weather stains in all directions, told a mournful tale of their own. One beautifully worked four post bedstead took up a good part of one of the rooms, and over all hung that strange sad air of desolation. The upper floors had gone and the whole looked almost safe.

I saw the dark shadow of a man thrown strongly on the wall of an inner room, but when I reached the spot 'twas but the reflection of a battered can piled on top of some old chairs.

The air was heavy with stale odors, and, depressed not a little by this private view, I left the house and neglected grounds, and tumbling almost over a fine old man made enquiries about my nearest way to the "Hare and Hounds."

He told me of a short cut down the valley easy to find.

I rummaged in my pockets for matches, but could only find a rumpled sheet or two of foreign paper, which on smoothing out I found was a faded letter written to a cousin and never posted. It was dated from the "Hare and Hounds," Derbyshire. Strange that I was now on my way to its namesake.

And there above me stood a little old church; as I live, the very identical building of long ago. Why, dimly I still remember some queer old dream connected with that church. Curiosity alone would have obliged me to look round it again, and I found it little altered. It is true there were candles and flowers on the altar, and the place looked more cared for than of old.

The old carved Malcolm tomb stood unchanged, and as I paused in front and read again the sunken lettering, 'Of Wynadotte Hall," caught and held my attention. Why, that was my new possession. What was the story that old house could tell?

With a queer feeling of kinship I went closer to the inscription and read it carefully to the end. The top of the coffer was highly finished off, and the lid itself looked so realistic that involuntarily I put up my hand to lift it, and to my surprise it opened at once, and a cloud of dust flew right in my face. My first impulse, with smarting eyes, was to drop the lid immediately, then I saw the inside was really hollow, so plunged my arm down to the bottom, and fished up in triumph a small bundle of old yellow papers tied with a blue silk ribbon.

To put them in my pocket, and close the lid was but the work of a minute, but even in that glance I saw they were likely to prove of interest to me.

I found the same "Hare and Hounds," I remembered, but Mrs. Lennox was getting old and did not recollect me.

My solitary meal did not take long, and I was soon at the papers.

Well, truly the sins of the father are indeed visited on the children to the third and fourth generation.

The papers were mostly written in a fine pointed Italian hand and here is the story I read:

"I, Annie Cranley, married John Malcolm against the wishes of my parents, and, indeed, only a few days before the wedding, my poor mother called me into her own room, and pleaded earnestly yet again that even now I would give John up. She told me that the awful temper that all the family shared had again and again broken bonds, and crimes numberless had been the result.

"Certainly one in each generation died a violent death, little accounted of in those lawless times, when most families had their favorite skeletons, only occasionally aired by the light of day.

"Still I refused to yield, and then my

mother told me that if I married John I should need indeed a brave heart and true, for the curse must lie on him and his children, though maybe by no fault of his own.

"His father had had his full share of that evil spirit of old—two sons and a daughter had lived at home, and the mother was virtually a nonentity.

"Quarrels with four hot-tempered people were matters of everyday occurrence, but one wild, stormy winter's night a fierce row began.

"The men, at least, had taken more than enough even for those hard-drinking times, and soon a regular stand-up fight began, when blows rained thick and fast and bitter oaths filled all the air.

"What part in the quarrel Miss Laura took did not transpire, but certainly she was present. When the fierce gestures and threatening words led to cuffs and knocks, and the father's hand struck a violent blow at the younger son's head, sending him staggering down, striking his temple against a corner of the old carved table, her cruel words were silenced.

"Sobered instantly by the sight of the motionless form on the floor—finding their efforts unavailing to revive him—Laura Malcolm rushed wildly out in the darkness of the night, saddled herself her own white horse and rode off at a reckless rate in search of the aid that yet could not avail.

"She was a good rider across country, but in the darkness the path was hard to find—the horse got fidgetty and frightened, and stumbling into an unseen rabbit-hole just as they entered a small wood, fell heavily to the ground, breaking his neck against a bank, and though Laura had been thrown off in his stumble, one of his hoofs in his dying agony came with a horrid dull crash on her head, and with little more than half an hour between them, two of the wild, reckless band were summoned to the Unknown Land.

"At the Hall itself the night was one never to be forgotten; the father was simply not responsible for his actions, and it fell on John Malcolm to make all arrangements, but when, in the early morning, the sister's body was carried home, it was sad to see the brother's grief, and one would have thought the lesson strong enough to last a lifetime; but after a while, however, when the shock had worn off, quarrelling began again.

"Here my mother made a long pause, and glanced appealingly at me. Heredity was an awful thing, and rather would she see me in my coffin than married to John Malcolm.

"As well whistle to the winds!

"That day week, as Anne Malcolm, on a pillion behind my husband, I left my dear old home, and I lived to learn that every word my mother spoke came true. I thought in my pride of ignorance I could manage so well there should be no quarrels. Mother was old and timorous, John would do anything for me!

"I had the house pretty much to myself in those days, and somehow the gloom that hung over the fine old rooms, the footsteps on the stairs that yet never entered, and that John declared was only the elm creaking as old wood might, the stories the servants told me of the place being haunted, and that the sound of angry voices issuing from the banqueting hall, and a white horse and its rider, galloping wildly along, were of frequent occurrence, etc., etc. It took some years to break my spirit down, but the mills of God grind surely if they grind exceeding slow.

"How my heart sank down when Baby Hugh went into a storm of temper. It was so dreadful to witness. I expected the child to go into convulsions any moment, and the way he threw things about with his tiny fists, and kicked and plunged like mad—frightened me. What would the future hold for him?

"God knows I tried my best, and poor John prayed me to persevere, but he never took on when he was having what he called a 'flare up,' that the work of months and years was undone in five minutes of such rage.

"'Father does so and so,' the children were sharp enough to notice, 'so of course we can.'

"When my little twin daughters died of the fever, I felt sadly thankful that though this was no doubt part of the Visitation of God that certainly sooner or later would fall on us, they at least were innocent. Soon after, I lost my parents, and only then I realised how sensibly my mother had always helped me in every way and cheered me when nothing else could. She never told me I had myself to thank, but pointed me steadily on my rugged path to where the light shone clear at the end.

"My husband spent hours sculpturing, and the whim seized him to chisel a family tomb. Anything that kept him occupied and shortened the time spent over the endless meals was a boon, and with my wheel humming busily along, many a quiet hour was passed.

"Hugh also was very anxious to copy his father and carve, and one sad day, after a long pillion ride to a distant cousin, we came in to find a great ugly hole made in the top of the old coffer that my husband had nearly finished.

"There was a terrible storm of course, and the boy was severely punished, but afterwards I found his idea was to make a money box of it 'for Hugh,' he said.

"The notion tickled my husband's fancy, and he said he would follow it out, so he made a fresh top with a slit in it that could be easily lifted up.

"As the tomb was nearly finished, and this addition would take a little longer, I encouraged the idea, and my husband took pains to carry it out well.

"Indeed, Hugh's pocket money gradually came to be always kept under the coffer lid, and many other little valuables belonging to him. Naturally the charm of the thing was the slight mystery about it, Hugh begging the secret of his money-box might be kept.

"Ah! those were peaceful days—the lull before the storm.

"Time passed on, and the shadows came closer! Father and son quarreled bitterly, generally about money, and one day, or night rather, that old evil spirit entered into them both, and they came to fierce blows.

"I thought my heart would break, for surely this was the Visitation again.

"I parted them somehow, and sullen and ashamed both looked, and I saw they would soon begin afresh, when something snapped suddenly in my brain, and I fell senseless to the ground. Thank God for his mercy in coming to my aid! for, seeing me fall, brought back to John's memory that long-ago night of tragedy, when his brother fell—never to rise again!

"My hair was damp with water, and wine was at my lips, when at last, with a shuddering sigh, I came back to earth's troubles, and my husband, with shaking lips and trembling hands (he thought me dead), promised solemnly the next time he and Hugh quarrelled should be the last, for he would send the boy away, but surely after such another awful fright, there would not be another time!

"I would not discourage him, but from that day I began to save, and coin after coin found their way into Hugh's coffer.

"My daughters took more after me than their father, I am thankful to say, and helped me much, especially as about this time I became very subject to long fainting fits.

"With a dread on me that nothing ever lifted, I wrote to a cousin of mine settled in a quaint old Dutch town, and asked him if we found it advisable to send Hugh abroad, if he would give an eye to the lad, and help him on a bit, and a great load seemed lifted from me, when at last an answer came saying the boy should at any time be welcome, and come when he might, he should have a second home with him, for the sake of his cousin Nan!

"Carefully I placed this letter with my cousin's name and address in Hugh's favorite hiding place.

"Then one night a dispute began about a village youth who, John declared, spent his nights poaching, and should be made an example of. Hugh defended him vehemently, and protested his innocence—louder and louder rose the angry voices with bitter sarcasms, cruel taunts, fierce oaths and threatening gestures, and then they came to blows.

"Hugh was slight and wiry, John ponderous and powerful, and at first it seemed hopeless to stop them, then I seized a great carafe of water from the sideboard, and threw the whole contents of the ice-cold water into their faces.

"The shock and surprise made a minute's pause, and gave me my chance. Seizing an arm of each with all my force I prayed them for the love of Heaven to remember their solemn oath, and part before bloodshed came of it!

"The water was falling in pools on the floor and trickling in streams down their necks. I ordered Hugh from the room—to pack his clothes at once—never mind the wild night—and then I had a sad scene with poor John.

"Of that I shall not write here. For weal or woe I won my way at last. And when the tide of despairing remorse had fully set in, I began to hurry Hugh's preparations. In vain John begged me to let them try again—next time I might fail to check them, and then that awful doom would fall. No, twice no. I had rather never see my boy's face again, than think that the Curse of Cain was on one of the two I loved so well.

"The money in the little coffer made quite a good sum, and John gave also all he could, and then when the dawn of another day began, in the chill of a winter's morn, father and son—now in peace and love, thank God I rode forth together, and I know I had seen the last of my boy.

"Kneeling, I watched them go, and kneeling I prayed for courage never to recall Hugh in his father's life-time, come what might.

"It is by my husband's wish I have written out this long account, the third that I have made, but the others coming in John's way when angry and unreasonable, he tore them into atoms. So this copy I shall place away in Hugh's hiding place, it will be safe there, and when he returns he will surely know where to look.

* * * * * *

"I came home from paying a sick friend a few days' visit to find John had had the tomb taken down to the church and put up, and though somehow I had never thought of my papers going there, where could they be safer than in God's own keeping? so now I have only to walk quietly down, and put this last sheet with the rest.

"Neither my husband or daughters are aware where Hugh has gone, indeed the latter have never mentioned his name to me, since that sorrowful morning when I told them, for reasons known only to their father and myself, he had gone abroad for years.

"In all human likelihood, John will long out-live me, for I am ageing fast, and should anything happen to me, what more natural than that Hugh should be sent for? and then the pain and the sorrow of the wearied years of absence from my only son, would all go for nothing, for well I know, alas! by now, that John will carry his fierce temper to the grave, poor soul, and in the quarrels that would surely come, the curse might afresh begin.

"And neither can I leave even a sealed letter behind, for fear of some evil chance. The papers rest in God's own house, and so shall the secret of the boy's whereabouts. Some day—somehow—when the time has come and God's solemn curse is removed, and the dark shadow of the Visitation lifted, perhaps there will be happy times in the old haunted house. 'Haunted, ay! truly and indeed, but by man's own wrong doing.

"ANNE MALCOLM."

* * * * * *

So my castle is indeed in ruins about my ears, in more senses than one, for if that wanderer married abroad, his children are the rightful heirs, and rather than claim unfairly that sorrowful heritage, I would let it lapse to the crown.

Now I must make inquiries abroad, and never did anyone part with a legacy with less regret than I shall, if only I can find a Malcolm living.

That poor brave woman has set me a lesson to learn, and an example to follow. I should indeed be proud to count kinship with her.

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The clew has not been easy to find, the threads of the tangled skein had got so mixed and knotted. The first big tangle of course had been that all believed so stubbornly in Hugh's death at his father's hands.

Step by step, thread by thread, I at length wound the frayed and broken hank out straight, and all is plain sailing now.

Hugh had married a gentle Dutch girl, whose very limited knowledge of English perhaps, helped to keep the peace when the Malcolm rage broke forth. Then his days of idleness were over, and in hard labor, if it was voluntary, several years were passed.

Three little children and their mother depended on him for their daily bread, when one day in passing along a narrow street, where the high projecting houses overhead almost seemed to touch, a quaint, heavy old sign fell suddenly on him, hitting him just on the fatal place on his temple, killing him on the instant.

His wife knew little of his English home, though of his parents and his sisters he had often talked.

The kind old cousin would have known with whom to communicate, and what to advise, but he had left his business in Hugh's hands and gone, it was thought, to England.

The children grew up somehow, but they proved a heavy handful. The little girl was deformed from an accidental fall down some stone stairs when left in her brothers' charge, and from that day she had possessed such an influence over the lads that her word was indeed law to them.

One boy went to sea, and in the rough life of those times on board ship did fairly well, but he never came home again, as he was washed overboard in a heavy storm. The other son did his utmost to support his mother and sister in comfort, but every now and then times were very bad, and then short commons prevailed.

It fortunately never entered his head to think of marrying until rather late in life, but when his mother and sister were both dead, he missed a woman in his house so much that after years of friendship he suddenly married good Burgher Kant's youngest daughter, and her temper being very fiery, instead of having everything his own way, he found for peace and quiet's sake it was expedient that Vrow Gretchen should have hers.

Their only child, a boy, was three years old, when in a cholera outbreak both parents died, the home was pillaged of everything of any value, and the little fellow sent to the poor house.

And here I found the child.

I liked his looks, and the officials spoke well of him as an honest, likely lad, so I have made up my mind to look after him, do guardian in short, give him a decent education and a chance in life, and then if he turns out well, when he comes of age he shall have that old land handed over to him. The house will most likely have tumbled down completely long before then, for this poor, destitute, friendless child is only eight.

In the meantime the property is mine to all intents and purposes, and as I have puzzled out the thing unaided, and consulted no one, there is little fear of the lad's hearing about his forebears' sins, about the worst thing for his future welfare that could happen to him, in my opinion. Should he prove free from that awful taint, then there is before him a useful, and I hope a happy life, as an English gentleman.

* * * * * *

L'ENVOI.

The boy is now sixteen, and I have not seen him lose his temper yet, so I am very hopeful for the future, and I have but to add that my Derbyshire agent in reporting on farming matters and local gossip, said in passing, that for eight years now no one had seen anything of a ghostly nature at Wyndotte Farm, as it now seems generally called, and though still known as the Haunted House, I can live in comfort, believing that good Dame Anne will rest in peace. The dark stain has been wiped out from the Malcolm family, never, pray God, to fall on them again.

The Grange Mystery.

BY F. F.

I MUST confess that it was a great blow to me when Mary Crompton married. For ten years had we lived together, sharing the same flat, and almost the same work, for she managed the "Dress and Fashion" department of the Ladies' Universe, while I was its general editor. I had grown so accustomed to our united life, that I never dreamed of any change as possible.

Imagine then, my surprise and consternation, when one day Mary came to me, blushing like a girl, to tell me that she had met her old lover, who was now a widower, and they were to be married soon.

Of course it was a good thing for her, as Mr. Tristram was very well off, and had a charming place; there were no children, relations-in-law, or other drawbacks to peace. Though to my way of thinking it seemed hardly fair that a man, having made his deliberate choice between two women, should be able, on the death of the favored one, to come back and find the other ready to accept him. Still that was Mary's business, not mine, and she was entirely contented.

Mr. Tristram was a fine-looking, hearty country squire of forty-five, as devoted to Mary as if he had never thought of anyone else in the past years, and I could not help liking him, even though he robbed me of my friend.

They were married early in the New Year, and at Easter I fulfilled my promise of spending a week with them.

Easter fell early that year. The winter had been a long and severe one, so that

the hedges were still bare, the trees leafless, and the country was far from inviting to such a hopelessly prejudiced Londoner as I have always been.

Mary met me at the station, just her dear, warm-hearted self, but looking, in her costly furs, and well-appointed brougham, very different from the "Queen Bee" who used to advise the readers of the Ladies' Universe what to wear and what to leave unworn. I had to confess reluctantly to myself that a matron of thirty-five is a much more important personage than a spinster of the same age.

As we drove three miles along the white chalk roads to Marsden Grange we had much to say to each other. I told of the progress of my work, and the failings of my new co-editor, who wrote the "Beauty and its Preservation" article every week in our paper, trying all the advertised nostrums upon her own scanty hair and sallow complexion.

Mary told of the goodness and tenderness of her husband, the joys of their country home, and the absolutely unruffled current of her placid life.

"My happiness seems all the greater because so unexpected," she said. "I only wish that you, dear Katharine, were as fortunate."

"It wouldn't suit me a bit," I replied. "I should be perfectly wretched if transplanted to the country, away from the roar of the Strand and the full tide of surging life there. Besides, what would the Universe do if deprived of my services? No, no; domestic bliss is not for me, even if I were twenty years younger. I am a female bachelor by choice, as well as necessity, and so I must remain."

She was regretfully obliged to agree with me, although there was a pitying look in her sweet, dove-like eyes. Dear soul, she wanted everyone to be happy just in her particular way.

The carriage stopped at the door, and John Tristram came forward so kindly and cordially to meet me that I felt myself at once a welcome guest, and quite at home.

The Grange was, perhaps, more of a "house in the country," than a "country house," but it was very large and comfortable. The rooms were long and low, with heavy beams running across the ceilings, and great open hearths, on which wood fires blazed cheerfully.

The furniture was old Sheraton and Chippendale, which would have made the mouth of a collector water. Hartolozzi engravings and old portraits adorned the white-panelled walls, and on the landings were oak cupboards full of the rarest china. Tall blue jars stood in every corner, filled with pot pourri, whose fragrance pervaded the house.

My bedroom was a bright and cheerful one, furnished with red hangings, and I slept well between the lavender-scented sheets, without a dream of work and London.

The Grange was an eminently satisfactory house to be mistress of, and I was glad to see my old friend so admirably settled. She and John Tristram were a truly devoted couple. I could not wish her back with me at Green Park Mansions when I saw how she bloomed anew in her peaceful, prosperous life. As for me, although I enjoyed the week of rest and relaxation, I was ready to rush into the fray again at its close.

When the last evening came, I went upstairs early and busied myself with packing, until my traveling clock chimed half-past eleven. "Time to retire," I thought sleepily, and rising to my feet, saw, to my surprise, that the door was wide open. "Dear me, can I have forgotten to close it?" I said, shutting it now vigorously, and beginning my preparations for the night.

I was quickly brushing my hair in front of the glass, when I saw with utter astonishment, that the door was slowly and deliberately opening. It was a calm, still night. March was "going out like a lamb," and there was not a breath of wind to account for such an occurrence.

I felt mystified, and rushing across the room, not only shut but locked the door, and felt that now I had conquered it. To my horror, before I could return to the dressing-table, I heard a grating sound, as the key turned in the lock, and the door slowly, slowly opened again.

I began to feel very uncomfortable, the whole thing was so unaccountable.

Neither John Tristram, Mary, nor any of their staid, respectable servants, could be capable of playing such a trick. Besides, who could possibly open from without a door locked on the inside? I looked down the passage. All lights were out, not a sound was to be heard, the household seemed wrapped in slumber.

I shut the door, and, placing my back against it, waited, with an inward misgiving, for what might happen.

"I am not a light weight, it will puzzle the thing to move me," I thought defiantly. But, after a moment of suspense, I felt the door yield, and I was pushed forward by a force which I was powerless to resist. I summoned up all my courage and looked outside once more, no one was to be seen.

What was the invisible power that moved the door? My common sense revolted against the idea of any supernatural agency in the matter, yet I felt a strange terror, as of some evil presence hovering near me.

Strong-minded as I had always considered myself, I trembled as I closed the door again and waited in the stillness with a beating heart; waited I know not for what. My nerve was fast forsaking me. I dared not go on struggling with the door, the power that moved it was too strong for me to contend against.

It now slowly opened again, and I knew that my room was the only one occupied in the corridor. No use, therefore, to scream for help, no use to ring my bell, as the servants would be asleep. Time was going on; the hands of the clock pointed to midnight, the turret clock slowly tolled out the twelve ghastly strokes, and a new terror seized me.

What if this thing, so awful, although unseen, were to take shape and enter the room? My hair rose at the thought. If it had not already been gray, I am sure that the horror of those moments would have made it so. My brain reeled. I stood there, afraid to move, my eyes fixed on the open door, over whose haunted threshold I should have to pass before procuring aid. It seemed like hours, though really only a few minutes, before I heard steps and voices in the distance, then nearing my room.

I can never describe the feeling of reaction and intense relief when John Tristram and Mary appeared on the scene.

He looked anxious, and she seemed puzzled, but both saw at once that I was in no state to be questioned. They led me away to the smoking room on the other landing, where a bright fire burned. Mary drew me to an arm-chair, and chafed my cold hands, while her husband made me drink some brandy.

The warmth revived me, and I began to feel more like myself. "What good angel sent you to my help?" I said. Mary answered that

"All I know is, that I was sitting here with John while he smoked his last pipe. He suddenly got up, looked at the calendar on the mantelpiece, and exclaimed: 'It is the 30th, not the 31st, and Miss Hunt is in the Red Room! Come to her at once.' So off we went, though I don't in the least know why, or what has happened."

I related my weird experience in as few words as possible. Mr. Tristram sat silently by, until I begged for an explanation of what I had seen. Then he began his story.

"I inherited this place," he said, "from my godfather Mr. Marsden, an old bachelor, who always told me that he would never marry, because his father was insane; but I never knew the whole truth until I took possession here, when his family solicitor thought it right to tell me.

"Ninety years ago, it must be now, since Mr. Marsden's father was living happily here, with his pretty young wife and infant son, when a fall in the hunting field caused an injury to his brain, and he became a changed man.

"Instead of being a lively, high-spirited fellow, he was now gloomy and morose, distrustful of everyone, but especially of his wife, becoming madly jealous of her without the slightest reason. The doctors whom Mrs. Marsden called in pronounced him hopelessly insane, and advised her to send him to an asylum. She could not bear the idea, and insisted on keeping him at home, in charge of an attendant.

"His mania became more acute, and one night he broke into his wife's room, forcing open the locked door, murdered her, and then took his own life. Ever since, on the anniversary of that fatal 30th of March, it has been impossible to keep the door locked, and all attempts at doing so have failed.

"Twenty years ago, I was a young and sceptical man, so I resolved to test the truth of the solicitor's legend. On the night when the phenomenon was expected to occur, I went to the Red Room, locked the door, piled all the heavy furniture against it, and sat down to watch. In a few seconds my barricade was sent flying, as the key turned and the door stood wide open before my astonished eyes.

"Seeing was believing; I was convinced that there could be no trickery in the matter; so no one has ever been asked to occupy the room on the anniversary of poor Mrs. Marsden death, until tonight. I had the original door taken down and replaced by another, but without effect, as I satisfied myself that the result was the same as before.

"I hardly dare ask you to forgive me, Miss Hunt, for the terrible experience you have had, owing to my carelessness. My only excuse is that I stupidly imagined this to be the 30th and that you were leaving us on the 30th. Mary was so anxious that you should have the Red Room, that I could not prevent it, without telling her the whole story, which I was anxious to do."

Then he turned to his wife, and added: "I hope it will not give you a dislike to your new home, dear Mary. Nothing ever happens here, except on this particular night. For the rest of the year, the most nervous person might sleep in that room with perfect security."

"I should not like to try the experiment," I said with a shudder, thinking of the ghastly moments I had spent there.

"Poor Katharine," said Mary sympathetically. "I am so grieved about it. But you don't blame John, do you? It really was not his fault."

Of course I had to satisfy her by absolving her dear John; but in my own heart I thought that he had acted in a very stupid and muddle headed way.

A woman would soon have found a way out of the difficulty, by declaring that there were rats, or a smoky chimney; anything rather than allow a guest to be nearly frightened to death; but one cannot expect diplomacy from a man, I argued.

I was thankful to find myself back in town next day. My flat looked very cosy and commonplace after that haunted house, and the roar of London sounded like music in my ears.

This happened two years ago, but my nerves have not quite recovered the shock, nor have I availed myself of Mary's oft-repeated entreaties to pay another visit to Marsden Grange. Not even to see the most wonderful infant in England will I venture there; so she talks of bringing him to me, as the only way out of the difficulty

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A Child's Hymn.—At the time of the terrible accident a year or two ago at the coal mines near Scranton, several men were buried for three days, and all efforts to rescue them proved unsuccessful.

A spectator wrote—"The majority of the miners were Germans. They were in a state of intense excitement, caused by sympathy for the wives and children of the buried men and despair at their own baffled efforts

"A great mob of men and women assembled at the mouth of the mine on the evening of the third day in a condition of high nervous tension which fitted them for any mad act. A sullen murmur arose that it was folly to dig farther, that the men were dead; and this was followed by cries of rage at the rich mine owners, who were in no way responsible for the accident

"A hasty word or gesture might have produced an outbreak of fury. Standing near was a little German girl, perhaps eleven years old. Her pale face and frightened glances from side to side showed that she fully understood the danger of the moment. Suddenly, with a great effort, she began to sing in a hoarse whisper, which could not be heard. Then she gained courage, and her sweet childish voice rang out in Luther's grand old hymn, familiar to every German from his cradle—'A mighty fortress is our God.'

"There was a silence like death. Then one voice joined the girl's, and presently another and another, until the whole great multitude were singing. A great quiet seemed to fall upon their hearts. They resumed their work with fresh zeal, and before morning the joyful cry came up from the pit that the men were found alive. Never was a word more in season than that child's hymn."

Two things in life are absolutely certain death and sorrow, and these two, almost [illegible] are constantly at [illegible] power to surprise us. All that is [illegible] we are ready for, and we [illegible] reading our eyebrows, but to [illegible] of sorrow, whose shadow falls athwart our path a short journey ahead, and death, who awaits at its end, without clamor, since he is sure of us—to these we say, "It cannot be! It is impossible!" We count upon the uncertain; but the inevitable surprises us.

At Home and Abroad.

A society to check the decline in population has been formed in France. It proposes to attain its object by legislation. Families containing more than three children are to be free from taxation, while those having no children will be taxed heavy. The legacy duties are to be revised, and the laws regulating the division of estates among children reformed.

By actual measurement of fifty skeletons the right arm and left leg have been found to be longer in twenty three, the left arm and right leg in six, the limbs on the right longer than those on the left in four, and in the remainder the inequality of the limbs was varied. Only seven out of seventy skeletons measured, or 10 per cent., had limbs of equal length.

There is only one $10 000 United States note in existence, and that has never been issued, but is kept in the Treasury as a specimen. There are three $5,000 greenbacks. Two of them are in the Treasury; the third was paid out several years ago, and is probably in the vault of some bank, because it has never been heard from since. One thousand dollar notes are numerous. There are 74 146 in circulation, and over 15 000 $500 notes, 227,000 $100 notes, 200 000 $50 dotes, 466,246 $20 notes, 854 024 $10 notes, and 1,152 788 $5 notes in circulation.

Speaking of the proposed use of dogs in the German army, to give first aid to the injured, James Payn says:—

"It will be curious if these animals distinguish themselves in this humane employment, as the St. Bernards have done in a different field. They have already been taught, it is said, to search for injured men, either by day or night, with unerring accuracy. But how do they know that they are injured? Indeed, as they have been experimenting upon men who have obviously only pretending to be wounded, they must hitherto have made nothing but mistakes. To a wounded man who has not been informed of this canine education it must be rather alarming to find a strange dog, with a cold nose, taking, as it were, a diagnosis of his condition before applying the latest remedies attached to its collar."

A good story is being told on one of Louisville's most prominent homœopathic physicians. Several days ago a young woman called at his office, and after discoursing on all the topics of interest of the day settled down to tell him her ailments. Among other things she said she was greatly annoyed with a sinking feeling. The physician prepared a little bottle of pills and gave them to her, with minute directions as to how they should be taken. The woman again began to talk, and after many vain efforts to get her out she started for the door. She had just opened it, when she turned and said: "Oh, doctor, what shall I do if these pills do not cure me?" "Take the cork," he retorted; "they tell me that's good for a sinking feeling," and he called the next patient into his private office.

On the level tract of land close to the side of the old road between Milton and Copperopolis, in Calaveras County, California, is still standing a venerable oak that earned for itself in early days the title of "Hangman's Tree." It is said that over forty men have passed into eternity from the largest limb. But that is not all the old tree has been a silent witness to. On one occasion a man had been executed just as a party of friends, who believed him innocent, came up to rescue him. A fierce fight ensued, and the rescuing party being the best shots, came off victorious. Twenty men shed their blood on this day. At the end of the fight five of the hanging party who executed the first man were left alive. They surrendered and asked for mercy, but were not given it, and in less than five minutes their bodies were swinging beside their victim.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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Our Young Folks.

WINNIE'S STRANGE GUEST.

BY A. M. B.

MILES of snowy waste lay around a small, American backwoods farmstead, where, in the verandah of a quaint wooden dwelling house stood a little girl, bidding her parents good bye. They are going, she to be left behind, the sledge that was to take them away stood near, the horse jingling his bells and impatient to be off.

There was blue sky above, an almost freezing crispness in the sunlit air; and a sort of desolate beauty lay in the white stretch of snow around.

Winnie Grey, the girl standing with grave, earnest face, was scarcely twelve; her brother—Jack—fourteen. It was on account of her brother that her parents were leaving her; he was dangerously ill at a school in New York, and they were going to him, partly by sledge, partly by rail.

A long, dreary journey lay before them. But then they could not leave the lad to suffer, or perhaps die, in the strange city, without one home-face beside him.

Mrs. Grey's heart was almost rent in two at the thought of leaving Winnie at home alone, to go to her sick boy; Winnie and Baby Nell—not much more than a year old—in that great, lonely waste of snow.

For even James and Mary, their helping man and woman, were away, also visiting a sick relative; the press and the trouble all seemed to come together.

"Good bye, darling," said Mrs. Grey, kissing her little girl fondly; "I'd not leave you, but for Jack's being so far away, ill, and your father won't let me go alone."

She pleaded with her husband, "Let me go alone, John, and you stay at home," her heart turning sick at leaving her brave Winnie, although reared in her backwoods home, to take care of herself, so desolately alone.

"Yes, mother, I know; but I'm not afraid," returned Winnie.

"Then good bye, my daughter; and, please God, I shall be at home with you again in three days, if your mother stays longer," said her father, taking her in his arms and kissing her.

Then he seated his wife in the sledge, wrapped her up warmly, sprang in himself, and off they went, the jingling bells ringing cheerily in the crisp, frosty air.

Winnie watched them till they were lost in the white, dazzling distance of snow and sunlight, and then went within doors.

A comfortable dwelling room, serving for kitchen, parlor, and all; a larder, and the dairy opened out of it, also a large cupboard, where Mrs. Grey hung her dresses, to keep them aired, while above stairs were two bedrooms.

A very snug little home it was, when father and mother were there, but now very silent and strange, with even baby Nell asleep in her cradle, and Rog, the big house dog, dozing by the fire.

Her parents were to call at Mr. Grant's, their nearest neighbor, six miles away, to see if they could spare Fred, their son, eighteen, to go across and see to the feddering of the cattle, at least once in the time; if not, Winnie knew how to manage, only it was almost beyond her strength.

"Keep the doors and windows barred, and don't go a step out of doors after nightfall," her parents had warned her, thinking of ravening wolves, which sometimes came prowling over the wilds, rather than of any other danger.

Well, Winnie, busy little housewife, had plenty to do, here and there, in dairy and house, upstairs and down, doing this and that, as she and mother were wont to do together, singing a little, musing a little, and when baby Nell awoke, she, baby, and Rog were not so lonely after all.

Three days—this was Tuesday—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday: why, before she nearly knew it, the time would be gone, and her father at home again.

If mother stayed, she hoped it would be only till Jack was well enough to come home with her: she hoped he would not die. So thought the little girl, as the first shadows of evening crept over the snow without, and the log fire blazed and filled the room within with cheery light and warmth.

No Fred Grant had arrived from Grant's Holding, for had she known it, her parents found him laid up with a chill in bed, and nobody else could be spared; so she had foddered the animals early, milked the two cows, and attended to the milk.

Now she spread the cloth for the evening meal, just as if it were any other evening, swept up the hearth, dressed baby and laid her in her cradle, and took her knitting, Rog slumbering and sleeping on the hearth.

Ah! he was very wide awake when that knock came at the door, which made brave little Winnie start from her seat.

"For the love of Heaven, open the door," pleaded a man's voice outside.

"Who are you—do you know father?" asked Winnie, Rog following her, bark, bark, bark, to the door.

"Yes, yes!—let me in!"

She never knew whether he told the truth or not, but she unbarred the door, thinking of her father's oft repeated words: "I'd not shut my door against a dog here, in winter time," entertaining many a belated traveler at his hearth.

A miserable, hunted-looking man staggered in. Rog would have torn him down had not the child held him by the collar. The man turned, and barred the door.

"Who is with you?" he asked.

"Nobody; only Nell and Rog," said the small trembler, holding Rog firmly by the collar.

"The hounds are after me! Hide me!"

The poor fugitive's eyes glared round the kitchen.

"Hounds—what hounds?"

"Men, hunting me to death. By the love that's in every child's heart, hide me in some sly corner you know of."

Sly corner—no corner so sly as mother's wardrobe cupboard, where Jack had hid from her knee, in those happy bygone winter games.

"You could hide in here," she faltered, opening the door.

"Quick, quick!"

The man sprang in. She shut the door, instinct prompting her to draw Nell's cradle across the doorway. There, there! another thundering knock at the door.

"Who is it?" asked Winnie, in a trembling voice, Rog's bark asking the same question, he still held in check by his mistress' hand.

"Open the door and they'll think I'm hiding some one," thought she, and down she took the bar.

Six men came in.

"Whom have you got hiding here?" asked the foremost, in fierce haste.

"I've—I've only Baby Nell; and she's not hiding—you see she's in her cradle," faltered the small, white-faced girl, her hand on Rog's collar.

"Yes, we see." The man looked taken aback, glancing around. "Where are your father and mother? We must see them."

"You can't, because they're gone to Jack—that's my brother—who's ill. And please, what do you want?"

"A man."

"A man, our—our man is away, and so is his wife. Won't—won't I do?"

"Well, yes; we want to find a man. Now, are you sure you haven't got one hiding here?"

"No, not sure; but you may see." It was her only chance, the fugitive's only chance.

"Well, now show us what hiding places you've got here."

"There's upstairs, and the dairy, and the larder—and in there's where mother keeps her dresses;" and the child pointed round with a hand that trembled.

More, she went the round of the small house with them, holding the candle, dragging Rog with her, and finding no one. Last of all, came the shifting of the cradle and in—her white face could turn no whiter.

"Please, you may peep in," she said, opening the door. It was just her parents' trick of long ago, when Jack was hidden there so long, and she did not half search for him, because her father and mother then threw dust in her eyes, as Jack said afterwards.

She held the light at the doorway, with hand that shook. They peered in, they went in, but ah! they did not expect to find, and did not find, the man for whom they were looking.

"Well, my dear, we're sorry to have scared you for nothing."

"Yes, for nothing," she panted, a dawning of hope for the hide-away rising within her.

"Good night! Hope father and mother'll soon be back." They swept out like hounds, as the man had called them, after some poor hare.

She barred the door and listened, feeling ready to cry, only her poor hid-away guest came creeping out.

"Little girl, could you give me food and drink, and a rest on your hearth for a few hours? I'm famished and dead beat: I should die of cold if they didn't catch me, suppose I turned out." So he pleaded—poor shaggy-haired, hunted looking mortal.

He was not the dog her father said he'd not shut the door against, but a needy human being.

She gave him food and drink, saw him stretch himself on the hearth, and then went upstairs to bed, carrying Nell, Rog lying on guard at her room door.

The stars were at their brightest, when she was awoke by the man calling to her—

"Little girl, I'm off—come down and bar the door after me. Little one, you've done more than you know of for me: if I'd had a good little sister like you, I should not, perhaps, be the hunted rat I am now." So he said, as she held the door open for him.

He stooped over her a moment, a tear fell on her face, and he was gone. And what next? Nothing more, except that Mr. Grey returned home on the third day, and that Jack was better. But they never knew who Winnie's strange guest was, nor why he was being hunted down.

"For no good, poor fellow!" Mr. Grey was wont to say.

"But I think he was sorry," Winnie would make answer, "because of that tear."

DIFFERENT TEACHING.—An Italian writer on social topics, Signor Gerofalo, has been making a sharp criticism of popular education in Italy.

He affirms roundly that "our existing system of education transforms into enemies of society the greater part of those who have been subject to it;" and, if he does not succeed in establishing so extreme a statement, he at least makes some very damaging points against the public schools.

The teachers are, in general, wholly incompetent, being as a rule either small politicians themselves or in the control of such, many of them socialists and revolutionaries—persons at best of narrow views and no enthusiasm in their profession.

Their great aim seems to be to make their boys turn political agitators as early as possible. Then the text books are often violent in the extreme—the histories, for example, making it a point to glorify famous assassinations—this in a land of frequent murders.

The favorite theatrical performances, to which schoolboys are urged to go, are bloody melodramas. It is a common thing also, alleges Signor Gerofalo, to see boys rush from school into the courts where revolting murder trials are going on and where they hear apology for crime.

The picture may be overdrawn, as is the manner of the Italian school of criminologists, but it contains at least this warning truth, that education can never be a mere matter of text book and school.

The noblest sentiments of duty and of patriotism may be taught theoretically, as they doubtless are in schools in our own country, but with life what it visibly is to our youth, with public men what they are, what does the teaching amount to?

WHEN INSPIRATION CAME.—Bellini could not compose unless he had a large store of bitter almonds or sugar plums on hand. He worked slowly, from the fact that his time was divided between his notes and his sugar plums.

Lorking was also somewhat queer in his ways. When his working hour arrived, which was generally from 10 A. M. until 2 P. M., he would provide a large quantity of black coffee.

Then, locking the door carefully behind him, he would begin to sing at random, and drink between times. Whenever he struck a few good notes he would jog them down.

Herold, the French composer, was also an eccentric. He not only ate oranges while composing, but made his singers eat oranges at rehearsal.

Schubert had a jovial way of wooing the Muses. He would provide several large bottles of wine when his working hour arrived, and would vary the monotony by drinking copious libations.

THE blushing face is an index of an esthetic feeling which none but the thoughtful and sensitive possess. The very climax of iniquity is the power to violate the decent courtesies and proprieties of life without revealing a sense of shame in the suffusion of the countenance. No brute, natural or moral, is capable of blushing. It is one of the inalienable characteristics of a rational and sentimental and pure-minded being. Inordinate blushing is a most unbecoming ailment, and the evidence of extreme sensitiveness.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Over 600,000 cattle are slaughtered yearly for the manufacture of beef extracts.

A New York paper contains an advertisement offering to exchange a cemetery lot for a good bicycle.

Japanese workmen wear both on their caps and backs an inscription stating their business and the name of their employer.

San Francisco's municipal officials have decreed that no bicycle rider can carry on his wheel a child under 6 years of age.

The owner of an ostrich farm at Anaheim, Cal., is trying to break in ostriches to drive in single, double and tandem harness.

A southern California railway has now eighteen locomotives in regular service burning oil, and the results are quite satisfactory.

Wild horses have increased to such an extent in Queensland that the animals are being shot, with a view to reduce the numbers.

The British Isles comprise no fewer than 500 separate islands and inlets, without counting more jutting rocks or isolated pinnacles.

A well known oculist says that opera glasses which may be hired in most theatres frequently become the medium for spreading very serious eye diseases.

Refrigerators should be thoroughly cleaned once a week, everything removed, shelves and racks washed in warm soda water, wiped dry and aired, if possible.

In England the ivy is considered the emblem of fidelity. In all parts of Great Britain the ivy grows with a luxuriance unknown in most quarters of the globe.

Whenever the invention admits of a model, the inventor is required to furnish it, of a convenient size, to show properly and to the best advantage the working of the device.

In the French departments where forests have been cut down there has been a marked decrease in the number of births and an increase in that of deaths during thirty years.

The results of advertising were recently illustrated in London. A man advertised for the return of a lost cat. In less than a week 32 of them were brought to his house.

A chemical torch, which ignites when wet, has been invented. It is to be used on life preservers. When one is thrown to a man who has fallen overboard at night, the light enables him to see the life preserver.

An authority on deaf mutes says that the ratio of deaf mutes to hearing is about one to each 1,000, according to which there are about 40,000 such persons in the United States and about 1,000,000 in the world's entire population.

Every ton of Atlantic water when evaporated yields eighty one pounds of salt, a ton of Pacific water, seventy nine pounds, Arctic and Antarctic waters yield eighty five pounds to the ton, and Dead Sea water, 327 pounds.

A chameleon flower has been introduced into Europe from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. The blossoms of this newly discovered plant are white in the morning, changing to red at noon, and again to blue in the evening.

It is asserted that the leaves of a plant are always of a tone of green perfectly adapted to the color of the blossoms, and there are indeed some plants that seem as if nothing else but their own foliage will accord with them.

The great seal of England is a silver pair of dies, which are closed to receive the melted mass, poured, when an impression is to be taken, through an orifice left in the top. The impression of the seal is six inches in diameter and three quarters of an inch thick.

Of the 29,000,000 inhabitants of England and Wales at the last census, 20,000,000, or over two-thirds, lived in towns and cities, and only 8,320,000 in the country. In Scotland one-half of the population lived in towns of more than 10,000 inhabitants, though in Ireland the proportion was about one in six.

A company has been organized in New York city for the manufacture of non-illuminating fuel gas, and has an application for permission to lay mains in the streets. The fuel gas will fifty cents per 1000 feet, with such reduced rates to factories as will make it a cheaper fuel than gas.

An aeronaut who alighted on the roof of the Foundling Asylum [illegible] ing through the skylight, and, in his bespangled tights, walking through the corridors. Then gas from the balloon filled an upper story, a fire alarm was turned in, and pandemonium reigned for half an hour.

A young New Yorker recently inherited $10,000 from an uncle. As he has wealth of his own, he decided to seek investment for the trifling windfall. So he put an advertisement in the paper, stating that he had that amount to "blow in" in anything that promised well. The first day he got 600 letters, and among the odd schemes held out as bait were a flying machine, a bucket shop, a green goods game, a patent rainmaker, an automatic cradle and a Wild West show.

FOLDED HANDS.

BY L. G. M.

Poor, tired hands that toiled so hard for me,
At rest before me now I see them lying.
They toiled so hard, and yet we could not see
That she was dying.

Poor, rough, red hands that drudged the live-long day,
Still busy when the midnight oil was burning;
Oft toiling on until she saw the gray
Of day returning.

If I could sit and hold those tired hands,
And feel the warm life-blood within them beating,
And gaze with her across the twilight lands,
Some whispered words repeating.

I think to-night that I would love her so,
And I could tell my love to her so truly,
That, e'en though tired, she would not wish to go,
And leave me thus unduly.

Poor, tired heart, that had so weary grown,
That death came all unheeded o'er it creeping,
How still it is to sit here all alone,
While she is sleeping.

Dear, patient heart, that deemed the heavy care
Of drudging household toil its highest duty;
That laid aside its precious yearning there
Along with beauty.

Dear heart and hands, so pulseless, still and cold
(How peacefully and dreamlessly she's sleeping!)
The spotless shroud of rest about them fold,
And leave me weeping.

HOW ANIMALS WAGE WAR.

One of the most curious things about the animals of the tropics is the way that many of them band together and wage what are really scientific and well-planned out wars against their enemies. Of late, incontrovertible evidence has come to hand regarding the military tactics and the extraordinary shrewdness of these animals in battle, and that brutes can fight on well defined plans must now be believed.

An exceedingly interesting book from the pen of a German naturalist and traveler, Brehm, has recently appeared. He tells with great detail the warring in the African continent of the baboons and the Arab greyhounds.

The greyhounds were of Brehm's party, and they were experienced dogs in fight, having vanquished hyenas and other beasts of prey. The baboons were on flat ground, crossing a valley, when, as Brehm tells it, the greyhounds rushed at them.

"Only the females took to flight," says the book. "The males, on the contrary, turned to face the dogs, beat the ground with their hands, growled, opened their mouths wide and showed their glittering teeth and looked at their adversaries so furiously and maliciously that the hounds, usually bold and battle-hardened, shrank back."

With the judgment of war veterans the herd made their way, covered by the rear guard, to the rocks, before the dogs had sufficiently recovered from their surprise to renew the attack. One tiny monkey was left behind, perched on a rock that was soon surrounded by the greyhounds.

With an intrepidity that was remarkable an old baboon rushed down from the cliff, made his way over to the rock, and keeping the dogs in check by menacing gestures, picked up the infant monkey and carried it to his comrades, who, watching the heroic act, were sounding their battle cry.

These nations of baboons "trek" together and in their expeditions reproduce in miniature movements of troops. The tribes generally number from 250 to 300.

On the march the warrior baboons go in front, the females and young ones in the centre, while the old males bring up the rear. Not only are these marching lines perfectly preserved, but certain members of the tribe are "told off" to scout upon the flanks and to keep guard while the rest are gathering food supplies.

When plunder is collected the females and the young carry it, going on ahead while the baboon warriors hold back the enemy. When they retreat, they retreat slowly and carefully, and with great order. Brehm tells how he was stoned out of a pass in a very few minutes by the dog-faced baboons.

Another sort of warlike animals that do their fighting in perfect concert and as if by a prearranged plan are the Constantinople street dogs. These dogs have divided up the city, actually, into certain districts, each of which is "owned" by a particular canine community.

All the plunder, all the refuse of that district belongs to the dogs who have made it their home, and they are prepared to resist the attack of any other band. If, however, times are hard and food becomes scarce in their territory, the dogs of the district get together and plan an incursion into a richer neighborhood, in which the rubbish heaps, as reported by scouts, seem to be promising. This is no fiction, it is actual fact.

In one band the dogs march into the territory they intend to invade. All the dogs of the region they enter into at once muster for resistance, and the fight goes on until one side or the other is victorious. Not infrequently a street or two is annexed by the invaders, supposing that they cannot carry the entire district.

It is only serious invasion which makes a battle royal. A single dog may pass through a district that he does not belong to, provided he does not put on airs, but lies down on his back and sticks up his feet whenever the rightful canine owners of the street come to expel him.

There are other animals that fight in such a thoroughly organized manner as the baboons and street dogs, but frequently cases have been noticed where species of brutes act in their conflicts under the orders of officers.

The wild horses of the llanos of South America are led by the master stallion when they are attacked by pumas or when there is a battle pending with another troop. Then they form a ring with the mares and foals inside.

The Indian wolves, when on sheep hunting expeditions, divide their forces, some of them keeping the dogs in check, while others attack the sheep.

A DAUGHTER'S CRUEL JOKE.—A story is told of a young lady who found a package of love letters that had been written to her mother by her father before they were married. The daughter saw that she could have a little sport, and read them to her mother, substituting her own name for that of her mother, and a fine young man for that of her father. The mother jumped up and down in her chair, shifted her feet, and seemed terribly disgusted, and forbade her daughter to have anything to do with the young man who could write such sickening and nonsensical stuff to a girl. When the young lady handed the letter to her mother to read, the house became so still that one could hear the grass growing in the back yard.

Grains of Gold.

It is better to need relief than to want heart to give it.

A suitable place for everything, and everything in its place.

If you intend to do a good action, don't change your mind.

The brewer's horse is kept fat by food taken from the poor man's child.

The beauty of behavior consists in the manner, not the matter of your discourse.

There is more evil in a drop of corruption than there is in a sea of affliction.

The mind has more room in it than most people think, if they would but furnish the apartments.

A sure mode of never succeeding with your own plans is to give too much attention to those of other people.

When flowers are full of heaven-descended dews they always hang their heads; but men hold theirs the higher the more they receive, getting proud as they get full.

Femininities.

Sisters of Charity—Faith and Hope.

How to keep fruit from decaying—Put it in a cool place where there are plenty of children.

Miss Bertha G. Lamme, of the Westinghouse works in Pittsburg, is the only woman electrical engineer in the country.

Glycerine diluted with pure cologne water will sometimes prove very efficacious for the removal of pimples.

Somebody in describing a beautiful lady, says she has "a face that a painter might dwell upon." Rather a broad face that.

"Darley is in dreadful trouble." "What's the matter? got into debt?" "Now that's just the trouble. Nobody'll trust him, and he can't."

An old bachelor was asked why his brother married so little a wife. "Why," said he, "he thought that of all evils he should choose the least."

Mrs. Mary L. Foote, who was recently elected the Police Justice of Gaylord, Kan., ran against her husband, and defeated him by a large majority.

"Children," said a considerate matron to her assembled progeny, "children, you may have everything you want, but you mustn't want anything you can't have."

Gray hairs at an early age are hereditary in certain families. It is a result, as a rule, of men with dark hair marrying women with dark hair through several generations.

"Why are you and that young man sitting in the dark?" thundered the stern parent. "Somebody opened the door and the gas went out," replied the resourceful maiden.

A bright girl in a London 'bus the other day said to her companion, who was making the usual female search for her purse: "Let us divide this, Ethel, you fumble and I'll pay."

There is but one scarlet bicycle in London, and Sir John Gorst, Vice President of the Council, the Minister for Education, rides it. Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, also rides a wheel.

In awarding damages against a railroad corporation a Western Judge declared that fat women with bundles "have a right to more time to get on and off a train than might be required for a foot racer or a greyhound."

A young Upton man is confined in the Boston City Hospital with measles. A few days ago his sister called to see him, but was refused admittance, so she climbed a fire escape, saw and talked with him through the window.

Date vinegar, which is now being put on the English market, is regarded as something quite novel and superior to malt vinegar. It is noted that the Arabs and Asiatics have prepared vinegar from dates for ages past.

"Oh, Tom," she whispered, after the momentous question had been propounded. "I am so happy! Papa and brother Frank have been teasing me awfully about you lately, and besides, I'm the first girl of our graduating class to be engaged."

A bachelor says that all he should ask for in a wife would be a good temper, good understanding, agreeable physiognomy, figure, good connection, domestic habits, resources of amusement, good spirits, conversational talents, elegant manners—money!

Emperor William of Germany has 250 carriages in his stables in Berlin. Of these 150 are for the use of his suite. The broughams, victorias and landaus used by the Emperor and the members of the royal family are all painted alike and are never used by anyone else.

He: I am very unfortunate. It seems I can please nobody. She: Come, cheer up! I have no one to admire me, either. He: Tell you what—let's found a society for mutual admiration. I, for instance, admire your beautiful eyes; and what do you admire in me? She: Your good taste.

A newspaper published in an Oklahoma town, where the women recently carried the election, sent the following order to a supply house: "Please send us one small out of a hen. Women carried the election here, and I suppose we will have to swing out a hen instead of a rooster."

James Northrup, of Anamosa, Ia., who has suffered with asthma, got up one night recently, dressed himself in clean raiment, combed his hair and then lay down again. Calling his wife, he told her he was going to die and wanted to be buried just as he was. He went to sleep and in less than thirty minutes was a corpse.

Some fair American with a Fortunatus purse might copy the boudoir of the Countess de Pourtales, one of the Parisian leaders who is noted for her perfect taste. It is hung with turquoise blue velvet with panels of antique Venetian lace, framed by embroidered garlands of pale yellow mimosa and blue gentians. The furniture is ebony, inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl, and the floor is covered with black bearskins. In her bedroom the hangings are yellow silk, embroidered with violets in every shade, from deepest purple to pure white.

Masculinities.

The Prince of Wales wears a No. 7 shoe. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury wear No. 9's.

Carriage drivers in France receive $4,82 a week; in England, $5,15; in Germany, $3,21, and in Italy, $2,60.

Why is a monopoly like a baby?—Because a man is opposed to it on general principles until he has one of his own.

At sixteen a woman prefers the best dancer in the room; at two and-twenty, the best talker; at thirty, the richest man.

Josh Billings says, "When you strike ile, stop boring; many a man has bored clean thro', and let all the ile run out at the bottom."

It is the privilege of the lover to be at one and the same time in two situations. When beside his sweetheart he is also beside himself.

"Marriage," said Sheridan Le Fanu, "is like the small-pox; a man may have it mildly, but he generally carries the marks of it with him to his grave."

Tommy: Pop, what is a cynic? Tommy's pop: A cynic, my boy, is a man who thinks all men are fools, and calls you a liar if you tell him he is like other men.

The meanest man in the world is living at Cambridge. In helping him out of the river once, a man tore the collar of his coat. The next day he sued him for assault and battery.

Colonel Howard Vincent, head of the criminal investigation department in Scotland Yard, boasts that he can tell a man's business by the way he uses the door-knocker.

The young Prince Arthur of Connaught has taken kindly to his duties as a scholar at Eton, and boils his own kettle and makes his own tea just as though he was a commoner.

A man in Waterville, Me., a few days ago found under a book a letter, sealed and stamped, which he had placed there more than three years ago to press the envelope flap securely before mailing. But it wasn't his wife's.

O. H. Venner, of Bluehill, Me., claims the distinction of having built from newspapers three years ago what it is now said to be the best boat in town. His material was thirty-six thicknesses of newspapers pasted together.

A man near Newkirk, Okla., took his neighbor's cat, saturated the tail in kerosene and set it on fire, thinking it would run home and burn the neighbor out. Instead it turned and jumped into the barn of the perpetrator and burned it down.

Client: Your fee is exorbitant. It didn't take you a day to do the work. Lawyer: It is my regular fee. I am not charging you for time, but for the cost of my legal education. Client: Well, give me a receipt for the cost of your education, so the next fellow won't have to pay for it too.

A human skull with red incandescent bulbs in the eye sockets is the device with which Police Lieutenant Bank, of a Chicago station, scares culprits into making confessions. He darkens the room when he has a prisoner in the "sweat box" and turns on the lights in the skull, producing a gruesome effect and a confession in nearly all cases.

The late Judge Fain, of Atlanta, was a curious example of exceeding thrift, carried almost to the verge of monomania. In his desk, after his death, were found all the ink bottles he had ever used—hundreds of them—and several thousands of worn out pens, and large bundles of envelopes which had been sent through the mails and were wholly useless.

On the boundary lines of Penobscot and Hancock counties, Me., there is a post, it is said, upon which a man may sit with his feet in Hancock county and his coat tails hanging down in Penobscot county. He may take a pipe out of his pocket in Holden, tobacco out of a pocket in Bucksport, and, lighting the pipe, blow smoke in the town of Dedham.

A man hanging by the neck thirteen days and nights was the attraction at a Montmartre cafe recently. The doctors, however, stopped the performance at the end of the fourth day, the man being in a critical condition. His name is Durand. He attained notoriety some time ago by standing on a pedestal at Marseilles for twenty-eight consecutive days.

The use of wigs as mere ornaments began in France in the seventeenth century, when Louis XIII, to conceal his premature baldness, took to a wig. His courtiers followed suit, and the fashion spread rapidly. The wig became larger and larger, till, under Louis XIV, it reached an absurd size. The fashion spread to England also, being at its height in Queen Anne's reign.

There is a movement on foot in London among a number of young men, who find it very hard to get to business in time, to start a "Lazy Club." The idea is "to establish dressing rooms in a caravan, which goes round to each member's house, thus enabling him to finish his toilet in the van on his way to business." It is further hoped to attach a restaurant to the van "some day."

Latest Fashion Phases.

A pretty paletot is made of fawn colored cloth, and is lined throughout with shot silk. This pretty coat has long silk revers turning back from the neck to the waist, which are adorned both top and bottom with a large button. The collar-band and small turn-over collar are also made of silk, while the large collar falling over the shoulders is made of the cloth and bordered with a simple design in guipure. The leg of mutton sleeve is stitched at the wrist to stimulate a cuff.

The hat of fawn fine straw is ornamented with bows of cream-color faille ribbon and choux of cream chiffon, while the brim is lined with gathered ribbon, held flat to the hat at the inner edge by rows of silk cord.

A very smart little costume is a cream woollen material, trimmed with white poplinette, enriched with blue silk dots. The full skirt is plaited all round the figure, having a box-plait in the centre of the front and side plaits at the sides and back. The blouse has a flat vest of the dotted material, with the upper part turned over in tiny revers, and is fastened with white pearl buttons from the middle of the vest to the edge of the blouse at the bust. At the back is a hood of the poplinette, describing a collar at the front, where it is held in place by a buttoned strap crossing the vest. The blue ribbon belt has a small bow on either side of the front. The full sleeve in the gigot shape has the fullness plaited at the wrist, under a deep cuff of poplinette, trimmed with a row of white pearl buttons.

The ohio hat worn with this frock is a white leghorn, trimmed with white plumes, wide white ribbon and white lace, which is carelessly arranged over the brim.

A stylish dress of pale brown fancy woollen material, has a full skirt opened over a petticoat of plaid silk, the fawn ground being striped and crossed broadly with cerise, green and black satin. The full bodice opens over a vest of the same plaid silk, which extends from the neck to the waist, appearing to be a continuation of the tablier. Over the shoulders rests a pointed collar of the silk, while the woollen collar-band has a silk turn-over collar. At the neck and waist there is a band of soft green velvet tied in a smart little bow. The sleeve has a short shoulder puff and a tight fitting lower sleeve, finished at the hand with a roll cuff of plaid silk.

Millinery has improved with time since the first marvellous proportions and striking mixtures of color were presented to view in the early spring, and the tendency to overcrowd all hats and bonnets with trimming is decreasing. Medium-sized hats with harmonious coloring are most favored by well dressed people just at present, but the larger, brighter hats will be seen later with thin light dresses at the fashionable summer resorts.

Flowers of every known and unknown description are the reigning element of hat decoration, but anything and everything which is beautiful is brought into use. Aigrettes are larger and come in all colors, and dainty lace-edged handkerchiefs are prettily arranged in fan-shaped ends to give the effect of height. Guipure lace in shell pattern combined with bows of green velvet is a pretty trimming for a yellow straw hat, and a new ribbon in millinery is formed of stripes of satin and gold braid with rows of overlapping sequins between. Jeweled quills are very effective, and paradise plumes are gaining in popularity. Lilacs and lilies of the valley are the favorite flowers for white hats with wide brims turned up at the back. All hats are worn well tilted over the eyes, and bonnets are placed further forward than they were. This modern way of wearing the hat requires no little study to bring out the most becoming effect to the face and the most winning results, and the young girl who can acquire the art of manipulating her hat brim successfully will find it a very useful instrument of aid and protection in her campaign of summer flirtations. She can easily add numbers to her list of proposals if she cultivates her hat brim to the fullest extent.

The prettiest bonnets for elderly women have flowered brims forming three points over the face, and are trimmed with white or black lace and a little jet; but no one is elderly—as regards hats—in these days, and middle-aged women wear low-crowned, medium-sized brims, in shades of green straw, trimmed with pink roses and an abundance of foliage. Small seagulls, gray satin, guipure lace and white aigrettes are combined on one white straw hat, and white paradise plumes, aigrettes, white tulle and black chiffon on another. A three-cornered hat, called the Napoleon, is trimmed with two large ostrich plumes, paste buckles and a bunch of shaded primulas. Mauve straw, trimmed with delicate orchids and tulle of the same shade makes a charming hat, and black and white mixtures are very stylish. White tulle with ostrich tips and black velvet loops on a white straw make a perfect hat, if properly arranged, and one that can be worn with any gown. One of the latest novelties is a brown and green straw brim with a crown of open work embroidered grass lawn over white satin, thickly studded with gold sequins.

The special feature of the new summer fabrics is the transparent effect, and grenadine, gauze, crepe de chine, etamine and canvas are all the vogue. Etamine was in fashion ten years ago, and quite as popular then as crepon last year.

Wool canvas varies in texture, as it is woven sometimes evenly of fine, soft threads, and again it is coarse and stiff. Black canvas gowns are made over white and bright shades of red and green silk, while all the shades of tan are made up over the same bright colors. The coarse and open varieties resemble the canvas on which patterns in wool were wrought some time ago, and this quality is now used for wide belts, embroidered in dull-colored silk and imitation jewel beads.

Leather belts are embroidered with gold and silver beads, and white kid belts, set with blue enamel traced with gold, are the latest fancy. Ordinary webbing is used as a foundation for elaborate embroidery and jewelled decoration.

Embroideries of almost any description are a feature of dress trimmings this season, and iridescent beads, which look so much like opals, play a conspicuous part in the mixtures. Tiny shells in light pink and blue are introduced into the embroideries, and paillettes and jewels of some sort appear on almost everything—hats, bonnets, gowns and capes alike.

Among the new passementeries is one made of alternate squares of chine silk and canvas, edged with bouton braid and studded with paillettes. Another is made of macrame thread and jetted borders, and satin or silk forms flowers and leaves worked round with jet in a net foundation.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

An excellent cure for hoarseness is to roast a lemon until it is soft all through; do not allow it to burst. While still hot cut a piece from the end and fill the lemon with as much granulated sugar as it will hold. Then eat it while hot.

It is sometimes convenient to remember the following items of cook's measurement:

One pint of liquid equals one pound.

Two gills of liquid make one cupful.

Four teaspoonfuls make one tablespoonful.

Two round tablespoonfuls of flour will weigh an ounce.

Half a pound of butter will make one cup.

Four cups of flour make one pound.

Two cups of granulated sugar make one pound, but in powdered sugar it will take two and a half cups to make a pound.

To bronze a plaster of Paris figure, cover it with a thick coating of shellac varnish. When this is dry mix some bronze powder with the varnish and apply to the figure, then cover with another coat of clear varnish.

A little saltpetre added to the water in which cut flowers are put will keep the flowers fresh for a long time.

To extract the juice from an onion, cut the onion in half and press it against and move it slowly over a grater. The juice will run off the point of the grater.

Palms, rubber plants and all foliage plants used in the house should have a weekly wash day. Using a soft cloth or sponge, each leaf should receive a light washing with lukewarm water, and the soil should be loosened about the roots. Plants breathe through their leaves, and cannot grow well unless they are kept free from dust.

To ascertain if an egg is fresh, put it in a pail of water. If good, it will sink immediately; if it floats it is doubtful.

Lettuce sandwiches are a reliable standby throughout the entire summer, being always acceptable. Butter thin slices of bread, spread with mayonnaise dressing and place crisp lettuce leaves between them.

An abundance of cupboards, each with its wealth of drawers, shelves and cubby-holes, constitutes the real secret of an orderly and convenient kitchen.

Salt is again useful, when mixed with vaseline, to cleanse hands that have become grimy through housework. Rub the mixture well into the hands, and then wash thoroughly with ordinary soap.

Do not make the mistake of attempting too high a polish on cut glass. Constant polishing reduces the exquisite finish of this most brilliant and table decoration. Wash the glass quickly, rinse properly and let it dry alone. If a towel is used it must be of the softest linen.

Prick a nutmeg with a pin, and, if it is fresh and good, oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

Fresh meat should not be allowed to remain rolled in paper, for the paper will absorb the juices. Remove the paper and lay the meat on the earthern plate.

Silver spoons that have become discolored by eggs may be cleaned readily by rubbing with a soft cloth and a little dry salt.

A shelf over the door in a dining room is an excellent place for large and highly-colored pieces of china, which may thus be made very ornamental to the room. Many of the new houses are finished with a narrow shelf around the dining rooms at the height of the door; it is intended for plaques.

To accompany the delicate salads so much in demand for the luncheon table during this season, few things are so satisfactory as a daintily-prepared sandwich. The fundamental laws of the science of sandwiches are, of course, that the bread should be soft; that it should be cut very thin, and that it should not even remotely suggest the crust that once enveloped it. Furthermore, a sandwich should be very small.

Chicken cream sandwiches are delicious. To prepare them mix a cupful of white chicken meat and celery, chopped fine, with a cup of milk. Add a boiled onion and two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch. Boil the mixture, stirring in meanwhile the whites of two eggs beaten very stiff. Then place in a bainmarie and add the juice of a lemon and a tablespoonful of butter. Mould, cut into thin slices and place between slices of buttered bread.

Refrigerators should undergo a thorough overhauling at this season, and all leaks and breaks should be repaired. Through the summer they should be washed weekly, and great care should be taken that perishable food does not remain in them too long.

Burning coffee that has been ground fine is a thorough disinfectant, and will purify the air of the kitchen after a cooking accident has resulted in an unpleasant odor.

The only substitute for a painted kitchen floor is an oilcloth, which is perhaps more easily kept clean. Rugs quickly absorb kitchen impurities and become unclean and unhealthful. The ideal kitchen has a tiled floor.

Now that the young lady makes her costumes dainty and pleasing with lace and muslin fichu, the dame of mature years, who does not care to don a kerchief of mull, may fashion hers of black, trimming the edges with narrow black lace and embroidering the fichu with a vine pattern worked solidly with black Roman floss and black beads, in much the same fashion as the embroidered shawls our grandmothers wore.

Have the curtains of creamy Madras, and at the top of each window, a short half drapery of soft silk in pinkish shades should be hung. The mantel may be draped to correspond and portieres to match the silk are easily obtainable for doorway and wardrobe hangings. A toilet table of the white enamelled wood looks very dainty and attractive, with a cover of lace and pinkish ribbons, and all the chrysanthemum pictures available, and there are a number of them, should be hung about the walls, in narrow white and gold frames.

A bit of old cut glass or a long-stemmed green vase full of the chrysanthemums, when they are in season, gives a tone to the room and dresses it easily.

Lounges and chairs should be covered with either raw silk or cretonne, in shades of pinkish and crimson, and all the little ornaments necessary should correspond with the rest of the room.

BEWARE of prejudices; they are rats, and men's minds are like traps. Prejudices creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL CURE

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Cripple, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with diseases may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Will Afford Instant Ease.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or mucous membranes.

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CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need anyone SUFFER WITH PAIN.

INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal pains.

Malaria in Its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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MILD BUT EFFECTIVE

Purely vegetable, not without pain, elegantly coated, tasteless, small and easy to take. Radway's Pills assist nature, stimulating to healthful activity the liver, bowels and other digestive organs, leaving the bowels in a natural condition without any bad after effects.

CURE

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All Liver Disorders

RADWAY'S PILLS cause perfect digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity.

Price 25c. Per Box. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., Lock Box 365 New York, for Book of Advice.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The neat and interesting Pocket Magazine for June contains delightful short stories by S. R. Crockett, Stephen Crane, Matt Crim, E. C. Stedman and others. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York.

A very full number is the June issue of "St. Nicholas." It opens with a ballad, "The Master's Lesson," by Alice M. Lovett, illustrated by Birch. Lieutenant John M. Elliott writes on "What the Bugle Tells on a War Ship." "Grizzly Phil," by Sidford F. Hamp, is the story of a quiet schoolboy who won this nickname and became a hero by rescuing a boy companion from a bear. There are also many other stories, poems and jingles suited to readers of all ages, and the usual profusion of pictures. The Century Company, New York.

Appleton's "Popular Science Monthly" for June has among its leading articles "Principles of Taxation," "How the Great Lakes Were Built," "Co ordination of our Educational Institutions," "Why Progress is by Leaps," "Posthypnotic and Criminal Suggestion," "Frogs and their Uses," "The Metric System and the Monetary Problem." Several of these are finely illustrated. Published at New York.

The first chapters of a new serial story, "Closely Veiled," are given in the June number of "The Quiver." "An Unprotected Female" is continued, and there are two complete stories, along with lots of splendid miscellany. The number is profusely illustrated. The Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

The complete novel in the June issue of "Lippincott's" is "From Clue to Climax," by Will N. Harben. It is a tale of murder and hypnotism, in which an extremely able detective and a physician of the new school join forces to clear the innocent and run the guilty to earth. The miscellaneous matter is all by leading writers, and of the highest interest. Published in this city.

An unusually attractive illustrated article in the June number of "Cassell's Family Magazine" is "Pictures of English Child-Life," with reproductions of popular paintings by noted artists. Other illustrated articles are "Big Men at Play," with pictures by Harry Furniss; "How I Became a Millionaire," by Andrew Carnegie; "The Homes of Lord Rosebery," and "The Australians in the Cricket Field." The Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

There are two papers in the June number of "The Century" that are of particular interest in conjunction with the convention at St. Louis, one being by Dr. Albert Shaw, entitled "Notes on City Government in St. Louis," the other by Joseph R. Bishop, on "Humor and Pathos of Presidential Conventions." The Second of Mr. James Bryce's "Impressions of South Africa," takes up the race question. The "Life of Napoleon," and other fine articles increase the number's value. In the way of fiction there are two short stories beside the serials. The Century Company New York.

Among the valuable articles in the Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature for June are "International Jealousy," "British Guiana," "On Limbo," "In the Land of Claret," "A Gossip About Pianists," "The Philosophy of Blunders," "Nature in the Earlier Roman Poets," "The Financial Boom of the last Century," "The Theory of the Ludicrous," "A Medical View of Cycling for Ladies," "As the Seasons Change," "The Victorian Age of Literature and Its Critics, and many more. E. R. Pelton, Publisher, New York.

A TALK ABOUT TALK.

If silence be golden, the wealth is of a kind which many an Englishmen possesses. There is a crust of reserve about the people which it is often difficult to break, and the story told of a countryman who declined to rescue a drowning man because he had never been introduced, is only an amusing exaggeration of the shyness and reticence of the race.

There are, no doubt, men among us whose silence is due to emptiness; they have nothing to say, or, like Coleridge's acquaintance of apple-dumpling celebrity, can only speak upon one subject.

Mrs. Thrale tells the story of a man who had acquired a large fortune, but was "absolutely miserable" because he could not talk in company.

"I am invited to conversations," he said, "I go to conversations, but, alas! I have no conversation."

On the other hand, men with full minds are often bad talkers, and display their weakness in society.

"The worst of Warburton," said Dr. Johnson, "is that he has a rage for saying something when there's nothing to be said;" and the Doctor's assertion that no man was more foolish than Goldsmith when he had not a pen in hand, or more wise when he had, was true upon the whole, although many apt and witty sayings of Goldsmith are recorded.

Two or three of these hit the great "Cham of letters" and prince of talkers himself. Take a specimen, which although familiar, will bear repeating.

One evening Goldsmith observed that he thought he could write a fable of the little fishes who petitioned Jupiter to be changed into birds.

"The skill," he said, "consists in making them talk like little fishes."

This made Johnson shake his sides with laughter; which led Goldsmith to exclaim:—

"Why, Dr. Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales."

And when Boswell in a circle of wits claimed unquestionable superiority for Johnson, it was smart of Goldsmith to reply:—

"Sir, you are for making a monarchy of what should be a republic."

Johnson who, thanks to Boswell, lives in literature as the greatest talker of his century, liked conversation to be combative; and when ill he did not feel able to try his strength against Burke. He was, he said—

"The only man whose common conversation corresponds with the general fame which he has in the world. Take up whatever topic you please, he is ready to meet you."

To John Wesley Johnson gave similar praise, saying he could talk well on any subject; but he complained that he was never at leisure.

"He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have his talk out, as I do."

"The man," he said on another occasion, "who talks to unburden his mind is the man to delight you;" and he complained of Goldsmith because he talked for fame.

But it is impossible to read Boswell without seeing that Johnson had the same weakness, since he writes in his old age, after having been to his club, "I hear that I was thought to have performed as well as usual."

Despite his pugnacity Johnson had an admirable perception of what conversation ought to be, and he returns to the subject again and again; but "'twere easier to tell twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow your own teaching," and the doctor sometimes destroyed an excellent talk by an ungovernable fit of rudeness. He would apologise very meekly afterward, but the evil was done.

Richardson the novelist, with whom Johnson was familiar, is one of the most garrulous of authors, but in society he could talk of nothing, with the exception of his own works.

The man lived, it is said, in an atmosphere of flattery, and when self is uppermost there is an end to good talk. The ladies around him ministered to his foible without stint, but men were not always so indulgent.

Boswell relates how one day, at the novelist's country house a gentleman fresh from Paris told him that he had seen his "Clarissa" lying on the table of the king's brother.

"Richardson, observing that part of the company were engaged in talking to each other, affected then not to attend to it; but by and by, when there was a general silence, and he thought that the flattery might be fully heard, he addressed himself to the gentleman.

"'I think, sir, you were saying something about'—pausing, in a high flutter of expectation. The gentleman, provoked at his inordinate vanity, resolved not to indulge it, and, with an exquisitely sly air of indifference, answered, 'A mere trifle, sir, not worth repeating.' The mortification of Richardson was visible, and he did not speak ten words more the whole day."

I think, of all the good talkers of the last century, Addison, when in his happiest mood, must have been the most attractive. Lord Chesterfield, who, according to Mrs. Delany, could talk "most exquisitely well" himself, called Addison the most timid man he ever knew, but in the society of a few chosen friends his charm is said to have been irresistible.

This Secretary of State, who could not speak in the House, nor, indeed, in the presence of strangers, had a bewitching grace when perfectly at his ease. His friend Steele asserted that he was "above all men in that talent called humor, and enjoyed it in such perfection that I have often reflected, after a night spent with him apart from all the world that I had had the pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of Terence and Catullus, who had all their wit and nature, brightened with humor more exquisite and delightful than any other man ever possessed."

Pope, too, who was far from being Addison's friend, renders the same testimony, and said that he had something more charming in his conversation than he ever knew in any other man.

Unfortunately, not the faintest record of this talk remains, and we must take it on trust, as we take the wit combats between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson at the "Mermaid" Tavern, described so graphically by Fuller; the latter being, according to that witty divine, a great Spanish galleon, 'built far higher in learning than his opponent," and "solid, but slow in performance;" the former, an English man-of-war, "lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, turning with all tides, tacking about, and taking advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and genius."

Some of Ben Jonson's talk has been preserved, for when the sturdy poet walked from London to Scotland to see his friend Drummond at Hawthornden, that poet took notes of his conversation, which, two centuries later, appeared in print.

A little harsh and unkind it sometimes seems; but to say unkind things of one's friends is not peculiar to "rare Ben," whose life was one of strife and battle; and it is pleasant to remember that no poet has praised some of his fellow-poets more warmly, or left a nobler tribute to Shakespeare, the greatest of them all.

One likes to cherish the belief that poets who carry the child's heart into mature age must possess in larger measure than most men the gift of conversation. Sometimes they do. Cowper, talking in his few cheerful moments with Lady Hesketh or Lady Austin, must have been a delightful companion.

So might Wordsworth have proved when the inspiration of mountain and lake stimulated all that was best in him; but in general he was too self-centered, too prone to dwell on his own poetry, and to brood over his own thoughts.

Did he not leave his wife on their wedding day to write a sonnet? And yet a more truly affectionate husband never lived. The best of his friend Southey's talk is to be found in his delightful letters.

There he unfolds his feelings, his wishes, his aspirations; and although letters to which there is no response cannot be termed conversation, his have all the ease and familiarity of table talk.

Neither is monologue conversation; and when Coleridge, as his habit was, spoke on without ceasing—and many of his listeners wished him to speak on forever—his wonderful art was very distinct from that o the brilliant speaker who gives life to the company by keeping the ball of talk rolling.

"Charles," he once said to Lamb, "did you ever hear me preach?"

"I never heard you do anything else," was the reply.

"There is no method in his talk," Carlyle said; "he preaches, or rather soliloquizes."

But Carlyle's estimate of the poet, like many of his critical judgments, must be taken with large deductions.

"He was," says Mr. Dykes Campbell, "Coleridge's rival in monologue, and ill suited for the part of 'passive bucket' assigned to him at Highgate."

Another of Carlyle's rivals was Macaulay, and the "Right Honorable Tom," as he called him, burst out on the first occasion of their meeting into a torrent of talk that the Chelsea Philosopher was forced to sit and suffer in silence.

Macaulay may have been himself sometimes riled in a like fashion by Sydney Smith, who called him a "book in breeches," and praised him for his "occasional flashes of silence."

Gold But No Food.—It has surely fallen to the lot of few men to come near starving to death in a land of plenty, with over $900 in gold in their pocket—nay, by reason of that very fact. I had shipped at Rangoon on board a steamer bound for Shanghai, says a writer in a London paper. When I signed she was flying Jardine's flag at the main, but I believe she carried the ensign of every nation and half the house flags of the world in her signal locker. An opium smuggler I was prepared to find her but that her chief business on the waters was piracy of the vilest sort and unredeemed by a glint of romance came upon me certainly as a revelation.

We attacked no ships as far as I know, but, handled with marvelous skill and knowledge of the intricate coast navigation, she would run in after nightfall among the rocks and banks where one would expect a sampan to take the bottom, while shrieks, flames, the report of fire arms and clash of steel would testify to the descent of my delectable shipmates upon one or another of the numerous fishing villages which fringe the shores of the China seas.

After four months' duress I struck a blow for liberty. My little hoard of morphia—jealously guarded toward this eventuality—deepened the narcotism in which the whole crew lay steeped after a ghastly debauch as we rode at anchor and, forsaking all my goods and chattels and seizing in lieu such moneys as I could find, I dropped into the dingey and pulled off, shoeless, hatless, arrayed only in a shirt, trousers and belt containing the above named sum (close on $1000), hoping to reach a German gunboat which had been sighted in the offing earlier in the day.

But the night was thick, and in less than an hour I found myself close in shore. The question of what to do was speedily settled by the boat capsizing among the breakers, leaving me no alternative but to land.

Day was breaking, and I lay till next morning in a tomb cut above the road in the hill side, and for the next three weeks I nearly perished for lack of nourishment, not daring to exhibit a gold piece, for I had no weapon and would certainly have been robbed and murdered.

I would gladly have thrown away all but one piece, but there was no single piece of small money in the sum total, and the result would have been the same.

Though a good walker at that age—I had made a record of 20 miles not long before, and could cover 300 miles a week without a blister—I accomplished no more than 200 hundred miles in twenty two days—traveling only by night and hiding in tombs or ditches all day, often rushing back to my last deserted lair in terror of the advancing sun when no suitable place of concealment hove in sight.

With paddy and plantains snatched precariously here and there I managed to exist during those awful weeks. Chan-Chau is not regarded as a terrestrial paradise by those Europeans whom fate malign has compelled to sojourn there; but Walhalla was never hailed with greater ecstasy by the world-worn pilgrim than was that celestial sink by myself.

Toward the twentieth day the smell of meat cooking absolutely overcame me one morning and at the peril of my life I emerged into the light of day and laid felonious hands and teeth on what I believe was part of a baked cat, in the temporary absence of the legitimate landlord thereof.

Trials are moral ballast that often prevent our capsizing. When we have much to carry, Heaven rarely fails to fit the back to the burden; when we have nothing to bear we can seldom bear ourselves. The burdened vessel may be slow in reaching the destined port, but the vessel without ballast is in imminent danger of not reaching it at all.

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Humorous.

HOW THEY DID IT.

They were sitting side by side,
And she sigh'd, and then he sigh'd.
Said he, "My darling idol!"
And he idled and then she idled.
"You are creation's belle,"
And she bellow'd, and he bellow'd.
"On my soul there's such a weight,"
And he waited, and then she waited.
"Your hand I ask, so bold I'm grown,"
And she groan'd and then he groan'd.
"You shall have a private gig,"
And she giggled, and then he giggled.
Said she, "My dearest Luke,"
And he look'd, and then she look'd.
"I'll have thee, if thou will,"
And he wilted, and then she wilted.
—U. N. Nork.

Are crow-bars and raven locks of the same family?

A good way to find a woman out—Call when she isn't at home.

Money not only talks, but, like a woman, it usually has the last word.

Isn't it queer that contractors should be engaged to widen streets?

What relation is that child to its father who is not its father's own son?—His daughter.

Young Mr. Wabash, trying one: They are certainly delicious, Mrs. Waldo. They taste something like oysters.

Mr. G.: That new neighbor next door goes singing about the house all day long.

Mrs. G., quietly: She has no husband.

Jack: To feather your nest you must have money.

Tom: Yes, there is nothing so delightful as cash down.

Smoker: How did the girls' anti-cigarette crusade turn out?

Chemist: It collapsed. The young men of the town organized an anti-ice cream league.

Mrs. Waldo, who is entertaining young Mr. Wabash: I have a treat for you today, Mr. Wabash, in the way of some broiled bivalves. My husband is very fond of them.

"What's the matter with that horse?" said the animal's owner at the race track.

"He's fast asleep," replied the stable boy.

"Well, leave him that way. It's the only time he is ever fast."

"Cinders!" exclaimed the newly arrived soul, rapturously, "what an elegant place to scorch."

Satan, meanwhile, clutched a chair for supports and whispered some feverish commands in the ear of an attendant.

"No, Willie dear," said Willie's mamma—"no more cakes to-night. Don't you know you cannot sleep on a full stomach?"

"Well," replied Willie, "I can sleep on my back."

"Have you any friends in school of your own size, Johnny?"

"Yes; they're the only kind I have."

"Why, how is that?"

"I've licked all of 'em littler'n me, and been licked by all of 'em that's bigger!"

A teacher in a school the other day told her small pupils the story of the ass who put on the lion's skin; then she asked each child to write down and hand in a moral for the fable. This was the moral which one little girl aged six handed in:

"Don't be what you ain't."

An old Connecticut parson, whose peculiarities of preaching were proverbial, and who was blessed with a temper of great value, was one day told by a parishioner that he did not like his sermons.

"Well," said the old man, "I don't wonder at it. I don't like 'em myself."

"What is that big iron thing, full of holes?" asked Laura.

"Locomotive boiler," said Tom.

Laura looked thoughtful. After a moment's silence, she asked:

"No? Why do they boil locomotives?"

Tom looked amazed.

"To make 'em tender," he said, slowly.

"Speaking of bathing," said Mrs. Partington, from behind the steam that arose from her tea, as a veil to her blushes, when touching upon so delicate a subject, "some can bathe with perfect impurity in water as cold as Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strands; but for my part I prefer to have the water a little torpid."

Secretary of lunatic asylum: Mrs. Sharptongue was here to-day, and wanted her husband sent home and placed under her care.

Superintendent: Did you let him go?

Secretary: No. He said he would rather stay here.

Superintendent: Hunt! The man must be sane.

The silver question has long since invaded the comic papers. One of the latest jokes on the subject is the following:

"Come round next Sunday, Hawkins. My wife and I are going to celebrate our silver wedding."

"Silver wedding? Why, you haven't been married more than twelve years."

"I know that; but silver has depreciated. It's only worth twelve, when it used to be twenty-five."

LOVE OF THE SUN.

One might fancy there to be some natural affinity between genius and the sun, seeing that so many gifted ones are attracted in such a peculiar manner to the source of light and heat.

Shelley loved to expose his small round head to its intensest ardor, and indited many of his burning strains on the roof of his house near Leghorn, unscreened from the pelting rays of an Italian sun, that sun from whose supposed malign influences even the natives shrink.

Byron, whose early home was in the bleak north of Scotland, was no less of a sun-worshipper.

"I am always most religious upon a sunshiny day," he writes, "as if there was some association between an internal approach to greater light and purity and the kindler of this dark lantern of our external existence."

And elsewhere he declares that he could never yet find a sun quite done to his taste," in full accord with Coleridge's saying, uttered, however, in a symbolical sense, that "the poet's soul appears to crave the sunshine."

Genius will cherish this craving after the sun under the most adverse circumstances. Charles Lamb, that inveterate lover of London with all its smoke and fogs, whose nature struck too deep a root to bear transplanting, and who had never been in warmer regions except on his brief trip to France, of which his chief impression seems to have been that he had eaten of frogs, was as ardent a devotee of the sun as any of them.

"I hold with the Persian," was his cry, and nothing less than an August noon, with a "sweltering sky" overhead, could meet his craving. At such a time it was, he says, that he felt himself immortal, "as strong again, as valiant again, as wise again, and a great deal taller."

Benvenuto Cellini has left a curiously touching account of the yearning after the sun to which he was once subject, during a period of imprisonment.

Use, he says, had reconciled him to confinement and he professed himself contented, nay happy, in his dungeon, save for that one haunting desire to behold the sun. It only in a dream, and with the gratification of which he would have died content.

His consuming wish at last brought about its own fulfilment. In a vision he was led forth into the street from his dark lair by a beautiful youth, and saw the sunlight on a wall above his head, and then, in answer to his prayer, the very sun itself.

Dazzled, he closed his eyes, but, repenting, opened them again and gazing steadfastly on his beloved luminary, exclaimed, "Oh, my sun, for whom I have passionately yearned! Albeit your rays may blind me, I do not wish to look upon anything again but this!"

And to his gloomy dungeon he carried back the glorious sight, and still feasted his eyes on the shining orb, shorn of its fiery beams, and appearing to him as a bath of the purest molten gold.

It was beneath the blazing sun of the tropics that Charles Kingsley, professed lover of the brave northeaster, seems to have enjoyed a very foretaste of Paradise, as he sat beneath its scorching rays, permeated all through by the "noble heat," and feeling, as he says, almost in Ella's own words, "young and strong and blithe again," in its all satisfying beams.

With a touch of pathos the butterfly poet, Moore, sings the "blest power of sunshine," so that "had the world," he says,

"no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep cold shadow of the tomb!—"

recalling the surly request of Diogenes in response to Alexander's query as to how he could serve him—"By standing out of my sunshine," the philosopher no less than the poet requiring for the time being no joy of life but this.

Rousseau, like Shelley, loved to expose his bare head to the sun's fiercest rays, even in the heat of the dog-days, declaring that the action of the sun did him good.

As soon as the days began to turn, the summer for him was at an end. His imagination at once brought winter. Beethoven would change his lodgings if he could not get enough of the sun in them.

Robert Burns, one summer's evening, in the decline of his own brief day, as the setting sun streamed full upon him through the window, and a young lady present was about to draw the curtain, pleaded, "Let me look at the sun, my dear! He will not long shine on me."

Perhaps the "sun thirst," as Goethe finely phrases it, was never felt by any one with more intensity than by Walt Whitman.

"I love the splendid silent sun,"

he chants; and the statement was no mere figure of speech.

An admirer, seeking him out soon after the publication of his "Leaves of Grass," found him stretched on his back on the shore, gazing straight up at the burning luminary.

The day, we are told, was unusually hot, the thermometer, at nearly 100°, and the sun blazing down "as only on sandy Long Island can the sun blaze."

On being asked if he did not find it rather hot, "not at all too hot," returned the poet, adding that this was one of his favorite places and attitudes for composing. He would, as he himself naively confided to his readers, drink the sun-rays in at every pore, his Adamic open air sun baths being a treatment in which the grand old democrat fairly revelled.

Solid.—A celebrated writer, being caught in a shower, took shelter under a portico. A very pretty girl soon lifted the window, and after looking at him attentively for a moment, sent out a servant to him with an umbrella.

The next day the delighted author got himself up in his most fascinating style, and, as the umbrella was an old one, he laid it aside as a souvenir, purchased a new one of the costliest taste and called on the lady to return the loan.

She received the new umbrella, evidently without remarking the change, and, after listening with curious gravity to the rather pressing tenderness of the acknowledgements, she suddenly comprehended that he was enamored of her, and forthwith naively explained that, as he had stood in the way of a gentleman who wished to come and see her unobserved, she had sent him the umbrella to get him off the front steps!

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No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
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Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

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MRS. EDMONDSON PORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 20, '93. Norwich, Norfolk, England

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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 7.50, 10.09, 10.32, 11.04, a m, 12.57 (dining car), 2.05, 4.10, 6.12, 8.19 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.58, 10.32, a m, 12.44, (dining car), 4.18, 8.12, 8.18, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.05, 8.15 a m, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.05, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 9.00, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.15, 5.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.30, 7.45 a m, 1.45, 4.35, 5.55, 7.35 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 8.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.30 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m. Accom., 6.15.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, Saturdays only 2.30, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.30, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 8.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom 8.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 8.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.30 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 2.00), 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 4.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.35, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.50, 8.15 a m, 4.1 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.30, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.25 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 5.00 p m.

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